WAYS OF WAR AND PEACE

DELIA AUSTRIAN

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WAYS OF WAR AND PEACE

Ways of War and Peace

by

Delia Austrian

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DELIA AUSTRIAN

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THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED
TO MY MOTHER

With Whom I Have Enjoyed Much of the Beauty and Charm
of Europe and Also, Unfortunately, Have Seen the
Horrors and Sorrows of War

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FOREWORD

As I advance in years I look upon life as a good deal of a paradox; at times it seems to be a mass of contradictions of love and hate, of friendship and enmity, of truths and falsehoods, of war and peace. In the same flash of time countries are throttling others; other nations are straining themselves not only to soften the hardships created by an international war, but to help feed, care for and dry the tears made by the havoc of slaughter.

A most striking instance of this statement happened a few days before the outbreak of the war. Through a mutual friend, while in Bavaria, I learned that Miss Anna Eckstein, an American woman, who has devoted her life to the world's peace movement was visiting her home in Coburg Saxe-Weimar. It was a short distance from where I was staying, and I asked Miss Eckstein if she would come to me. The answer to my invitation was that much as she would love to see me we should have to defer our meeting to some other time. She was starting to make a tour of the Rhine cities, where she was going to give important talks on the work that was being done to encourage the world's

peace. This would take most of her time until the early fall, when she was going to a peace congress in Vienna. She said that I might help her by forming two local centers in Chicago for the signing of many petitions pledging ourselves for the peace idea platform. I had not much more than read this letter and put the petitions away for safekeeping when the word came that the great war was declared.

Time and again during the storm and stress of war this incident appeared as the greatest of paradoxes. Here was a young woman who has consecrated her life, her talents, energy and friendships for the purpose of making the idea of world peace more than a chimera. Her efforts have failed for the time being, because monarchs and statesmen, goaded on by a foolish idea for stronger empires and more possessions, had thrown their nations against each other, resulting in the most cruel and disastrous upheaval of modern times. Many of the world's nations are hurling their tremendous armies with their siege-guns, bombs, mines, air-crafts, submarines and navies at each other. Awful and tremendous are these gigantic masses of destruction. What they accomplish or fail to accomplish will be forgotten when the work of such women as Miss Anna Eckstein and Baroness von Suttner are inscribed in glory.

It was merely by chance I had the pleasure of meeting these two brilliant women at the time of the World's Peace Congress at The Hague. Miss Eckstein had come as a delegate from America bringing petitions of three million names, signed by American men and women, including many of the foremost professors, students, writers, artists, capitalists and workers in all lines of industry. Though born in Germany, she had come to America because she realized that our country believes in peace more than it does in war. For many years she worked entirely with the peace movement in Boston. But she soon saw the need of educating the young people to the ideals and principles of peace. She made a campaign of this country, talking from pulpits and platforms on what the peace idea and ideal would mean for society the world over.

This educational campaign was interrupted for a short time when Miss Eckstein went to take the American petitions to The Hague. She attended the round-table talks, afternoon teas and receptions, where time and again she showed that war, besides being futile was the most reckless extravagance of modern times. The cost of feeding and supporting a soldier would keep a child in school; the cost of a siege-gun would pay for the building of a school house, and the building of a battleship would give a country a new university.

She showed them time and again that besides suffering, war meant the destruction of a nation's best manhood. It is the strong and energetic and the brilliant minds that are picked for soldiers. It is the weak and old men along with women and children that usually survive to suffer the hardships and the heartaches made possible by war. It was at one of these international receptions that I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Eckstein express some such ideas. She spoke of the work of The Hague Tribunal, and had such confidence in the sincerity of the governments and their representatives that she thought any question of vital importance might be settled there rather than that rulers should enchain civilization and throw nations to the dogs of war.

Later, through a foundation by Mr. Edwin Ginn, the publisher of Boston, Miss Eckstein went to Europe for the purpose of preaching the gospel of peace. She talked in schools, theatres and concert halls before large audiences composed of school teachers, and school children, government officials and working people. But her chief purpose was to educate the school children in the larger, more wholesome ideas of peace. Some of the most spacious and handsomest halls in Germany were put at her disposal, and some of the most influential German officials presided at her meet-

ings. She was equally well received, and was welcomed with the same enthusiasm in France, Italy, England and the North countries. She hoped to carry this propaganda into Japan, India and Africa. At the same time she was working to carry a petition of thirty million names, signed in all parts of Europe and the United States, to The Hague. This stupendous work was almost finished when the war broke out.

It was at The Hague that I first heard Bertha von Suttner, a well-known Austrian writer and lecturer. She became world-famous as the author of "Lay Down Your Arms," which won for her the Nobel Peace Prize. Her theme at The Hague was "Combatting Dueling in Germany." She told of the way the sons of officers and of the aristocracy at an early age were instructed to look upon dueling as an important part of their education. The more cuts, the more glory, for it was splendid experience for the more terrible combat of war. A deep gash in a man's face made him better looking, for it showed that he had plenty of courage. She was gathering a strong petition signed by men and women of many nationalities against this wicked pastime. It was a few years later, in Chicago, that I heard Bertha von Suttner speak on the war in the Balkans. She explained that it was only a small spark in a greater conflagration. It

was being patched up, not settled, and unless the United States used her persuasive and moral influence these issues would burst forth in an international conflagration. This prediction has become a reality, though Baroness von Suttner did not live to see the day.

For many years America has had a large National Peace Society. Though it originated in Boston its members were composed of men and women living in all parts of the United States. Besides promulgating a philosophy of peace, through congresses and pamphlets, its delegates have gone to all the important European congresses. This organization was instrumental in influencing the United States to intercede in the Russo-Japanese war; it was instrumental in making The Hague Tribunal a well-organized body. It inspired Carnegie to give to The Hague Congress a building as beautiful as the ideals and purposes of the Congress were noble and just.

Many of our greatest American statesmen and scholars have combatted peace measures and advocated stronger armies and navies. Other men of prominence in all parties have striven to keep our country in friendly relations with other powers, making treaties a worthy substitute for strong, military forces.

On the other hand there are those who say that the

only way to safeguard our country is to have a navy and army in keeping with its size and dignity. Our present army and navy mark us as a second-rate power.

There are just as many thinking men and women who say that if a man carries a loaded revolver it is bound to go off some day. It may be justly used in self-defense, but it is more than likely to injure an innocent person. Mr. Bryan's recommendation of treaties backed up by a year of consideration when differences take place is considered a safer method.

These are all steps in the right direction, but they must be extended if this is to be the last war of any real importance that the world shall ever see. All action is based on thought, and much of our wrong acting of today is based on wrong thinking. There will always be different nationalities, just as there are various languages, religions, political parties and economic views. Only a fool can say that French is a better language than Italian or German. Only the narrow-minded will say that the Protestant religion is better than the Catholic or Jewish faiths. The same is true of nations. The French, the English, and the German all have their just place. The French lead the world in making certain articles better than all other countries. In certain other articles we must look for

superiority to the Germans, while for others to England and the United States. The time has come when national jealousies must give place to internationalism. When the interests of all the countries must be greater than the interest of any one country. There is an energy and competition that is to be recognized as healthy and praiseworthy and necessary, and there is a hectic energy based on envy that is short-sighted. We are so interdependent these days that few things can happen in one corner of the world but before night it is heralded to the other end. A great war cannot be waged on one continent but many of its bad effects are felt upon the others.

It is foolish to believe that the time will come when nations can carry out their work and plans without having their differences. Nations always have had and shall continue to have differences. But these shall be settled as amicably as they are between individuals. Just as there are courts and judges to listen to individual grievances, so there must be an international court and judges to settle international disputes and nations, like individuals, shall be forced to abide by their decisions. For nations must be trained to understand that the interests of humanity are greater than the interests of any one people. Until they can accept this point of view, naturally they should be assisted

by international courts and by an international army and navy to enforce the decisions of such a court. Work must be constructive, for there is not enough money and natural resources in the world that so much shall be squandered for any such extravagant pastime as war. There is a moral force and conscience in the world, no less than in heaven. The noble, unselfish work done by Bertha von Suttner and Anna Eckstein are evidences of this fact. The Hague Tribunal is also an expression of the same ideal. Internationalism is higher than nationalism, and must be the platform of civilization. But to make peace work and internationalism more than a byeword they must be backed by an international court with its lawyers and judges and its decisions protected by an international army and navy to enforce the decisions agreed upon by the different nations and their representatives.

There were few men in America who did more for the peace work of this country than Dr. Edward Everett Hale. As Edwin D. Mead says of him, "He stood for citizenship, he stood for education, he stood for international peace and friendship. We called him in the later years of his life the Nestor of our peace cause in America." He made his church a temple of that cause. He said there should be no modern church which did not have among its regular standing com-

mittees a committee on International Justice, and such a committee he founded in this church. Baroness von Suttner and Baron d'Estournelles de Constant both occupied his pulpit.

Dr. Hale worked extremely hard to organize a Boston committee on International Justice.

Dr. Hale and Anna Eckstein were the two fountains of inspiration for Edwin Ginn, of Boston. Life had taught him that real riches and power only have value as they work for social uplift. He was sure of this after he met Miss Eckstein and saw the great work and effort she was expending to promote ideas of peace in the schools of this country and abroad. She influenced him to set aside one million dollars; the income of the money was to be used for this purpose. He was so impressed by her work that he asked her to give all of her time to educating the teachers and children in Europe as well as in our country in the ideas of peace.

Dr. Hale was his other great inspiration in all the great peace ideas. His first address in behalf of the peace cause was made at Mohonk Lake, at one of the Mohonk Conferences in International Arbitration, and there his last address was made. His first address was made in 1901, although Mr. Ginn was present at the Mohonk Conference as a listener in 1897 and 1899. In

1901 he gave his first address, and he confessed that Dr. Hale had influenced him greatly in this work. In this talk he said that modern wars are due to mutual distrust on the part of the nations and great armaments. This distrust can only be removed by education and the right kind of co-operation. The great menace is the enormous armaments. The tremendous armies and monstrous navies have become far more a provocation and danger than a defense. He told the people at the Mohonk Conference: "We are confronted by the military class, the war power, with unlimited resources of wealth and men, and we can never overcome these obstacles except as we perfect a great organization to meet them. It will not do to leave this work to be done by a few. An adequate counteracting influence could not be exerted simply by men who could give to the cause only shreds and patches of their time. We must make this a well-organized crusade; there must be men devoted to the cause, as Sumner, Garrison and Phillips were devoted to the cause of anti-slavery: men who would give all their time to it. And the cause must have a financial backing such as it had never had before. I should like to see a fund of one million dollars established before we marshal our forces. We spend hundreds of millions a year for war; can we not afford to spend one million for peace?"

He soon afterward gave fifty thousand a year for this work, and a million bequeathed for the cause at his death. He welcomed Norman Angell's great work, called "The Great Illusion," which brought home to the business men of the world the futility of war.

He was also a friend and admirer of Samuel B. Capen, the head of one of the two chief Boston peace societies. Mr. Capen was president of the Massachusetts Peace Society, and also a trustee of the World Foundation. It was as a representative of the World Peace Foundation that Mr. Capen went on his journey around the world.

Edwin D. Mead is also one of the great pioneers in America's earnest effort that has worked incessantly for international peace. He was at one of the peace congresses in Europe when the war broke out. He has been one of the prime movers of the Boston Peace Society, and president of the organization. He has attended most of the important congresses in this country and in Europe. It was also through his efforts that a branch of the National Peace Movement was founded in Chicago.

STUDENTS' HOSTEL IN PARIS

Among the many pleasant reminiscences of Paris, few are nearer to Americans than the Students' Hostel. This home was founded by a number of wealthy American and English women.

It was started because art students and pupils of music had long felt the need of proper protection in Paris. This need was compelled for two reasons—the good hotels in Paris are expensive and they do not give the home life necessary to students in a foreign country.

To this end the Students' Hostel was founded. It began in a simple way, and it took several years of experimenting to put it on a sure foundation. The club was started as a lunchroom for American business women. Here they came and had luncheons at reasonable prices and found a place to rest. Before long the place was inadequate, and the Young Women's Christian Association, aided by a number of wealthy American women and a few English women, bought out this place with the idea of enlarging it. They had no sooner taken the place over when they discovered that the building was inadequate for their plans. They searched Paris for the right sort of accommoda-

tions, and were about to give up in despair when they found a large, roomy building in the Boulevard St. Michael. They negotiated with the owner, and after offering liberal inducements the building became their own. It was some time before they were enabled to take possession of the place, as the entire building had to be remodeled.

It was only by chance that I came upon this organization one day in July, walking home from the Sorbonne. The name "Students' Hostel," written on a large poster placed at the gate, attracted my attention and I rang the doorbell. The door was soon opened by a maid, who explained to me that the Students' Hostel" was a hotel for American and English girls studying in Paris. I asked if I might speak to the Secretary, and I was led up one flight of stairs to an attractive office. Miss Richards welcomed me in a kindly voice, saying, "We are always glad to meet American girls. I shall be pleased to explain to you the purpose of our work. This is a hotel, not a charitable organization, though it was founded through the aid of wealthy American and English women. We hope to make this hotel self-supporting in a few years, though it could not be accomplished in the beginning. We have more than a hundred girls living here. The greater part are studying French in the Sorbonne,

though a few are devoting their time to the study of painting and music.

"Most of the girls who come here are delighted with our arrangements, for they enjoy all of the independence of a hotel and the comforts and the social life found in the home. They may come for the entire winter or stay a week, as they like. All we demand are letters of introduction from two people of influence and from the minister of the church which they attend. Three dollars and fifty cents per week is the price set on a room, though a girl may have more luxurious apartments if she wishes. A dollar and a half more pays the weekly board, while we have spacious bath-rooms where baths may be had for ten cents. Every day at four o'clock tea is served in the tea-house during the winter months, and in the gardens when the weather permits. This is given without extra charge.

"In order to make the Hostel as serviceable as possible to all, a fee of one dollar a year is set as membership. This entitles a girl to the use of the library, to take advantage of the French conversations held and to attend all the weekly entertainments. There is no limitation put on creed, excepting that the girls who live in the home are expected to attend Sunday afternoon services held here and prayer-meeting once a week. They pass their evenings as they think best—studying,

reading, listening to lectures, and enjoying splendid concerts given in our home by well-known artists."

When this explanation was ended, I was shown through the home. The first room entered was the dining-hall. The room was filled with many small tables covered with snow-white linen and dainty china. A girl could not have wished for more in her own home. Across the hall was a small room with a comfortable lounge, called the rest-room, where girls can retire to rest after meal hours, or when they come home from their day's study. But the real rest-room is the library, furnished with plenty of lounges and large easy-chairs. The bookcases contain more than five hundred English and foreign books. Some of these were bought with money raised by private entertainments. But the greater number were given through donation parties by friends invited to come and spend the evening in the Students' Hostel, some form of entertainment being prepared for them. The price of admission was a book they had read and were willing to donate to the library. The Secretary explained: "The first time we ventured on one of these donation parties we questioned the results, but our friends are so generous in supplying us with books that hardly a winter goes by without our having one of these with results that have far exceeded our expectations.

Several nights in the week there are lectures given by well-known writers and scientists; some of these are only free to the boarders of the Hostel; to others, friends are invited. Weekly concerts are given. The programs are made up by professionals and students of the Hostel who are studying music. One evening a week and Thursday afternoon are set aside for receptions, when the Secretary and the students receive their friends.

The second floor is given over to bedrooms. It would be difficult to find more attractive bedrooms in any American College. The rooms are large and well lighted, decorated with artistic wall paper and curtains to match. One part of the room is filled with a couch, used as a place of rest by day and a bed at night. The rest of the furnishings of the rooms include student's table, a lamp and several comfortable chairs. The remainder of the furnishing is done by the students themselves. Many of the walls are hung with gay posters, banners, and photographs of friends. Most of the girls have only one room, though a few who are studying music find the sitting-room necessary. Before leaving Miss Richards, I inquired who were the women who had done most to make this delightful home possible. She answered that would be hard to say, as there have been many, and some do not care to have their

work known. It was only after I pressed the question a second time that she answered, "Well, I suppose Miss Hoff is the American girls' best friend in Paris. Helen Gould (I do not know her married name) has always given our home warm support, and last year when she traveled in Italy she established a Students' Hostel in Rome. But one thing I wish you would tell our girls at home. That this is a hotel and not a charitable organization, and a woman who stops here need not feel she is sacrificing her spirit of self-reliance and independence. All we try to offer is a comfortable home at prices within the reach of most American girls who come over to study in Paris. We make an effort to do two other things; to try to give the right protection so necessary to girls who live in the French capital alone, and comradeship we all need when living in a foreign land. Five dollars a week is what a girl must count on to live here.

"Besides home and board, we have French classes for our girls conducted by able instructors for a small tuition; these teachers give private lessons, and when it is desired to coach girls for their examinations in the Sorbonne.

"The students of music are not neglected. Certain hours of the day are set aside for practicing. We have weekly concerts at home and make an effort to get re-

duced rates for our girls when any of the great halls offer concerts that are worth while.

"Yes, we are trying to do much for our girls who come here to study painting. Many of them wish to live in the Latin Quarter and they find it really impossible to obtain the comforts that they are used to at home. Here they can enjoy the art student's life and have protection. Many discover that they are not ready to enter the Ecole des Beaux Arts; as for the large studios, they do not always offer enough individual attention for the student. For these we have a large, well-built studio of our own, where classes are conducted by some of the best masters of Paris."

Before leaving the Hostel I was invited into a garden gay with roses and carnations and the merry voices of happy girls. They were gathered in little groups, drinking tea, chatting French, and discussing the work they had accomplished that day. A pretty American girl approached me, saying, "Will you have tea, bread and butter?" In a few minutes she brought me tea on a pretty Chinese tray.

We laughed and chatted in turn, telling of our work and aspirations. As we sat in the beautiful twilight of that summer day we never dreamed that Paris would be threatened in a few weeks and the Students' Hostel, so dear to American artists and students, would become deserted.

PARIS, PAST AND PRESENT

I hate to think of Paris in a sombre tone, for Paris likes to be gay at all times. It is the natural tempo of the city, for whatever may be the follies of this Parisian capital, she is always beautiful, lively and gay. Her large, wide boulevards are now deserted, except for an occasional regiment of French and English troops that hurry along, or now and then an auto-car speeding up the boulevard carrying some high officials on an important mission.

Most of the fine shops in the Avenue de L'Opera and the Rue de La Paix are closed and heavily shuttered while their handsome stock of pearls and other jewels, fine dresses and furs, are hidden in vaults and put away in packing trunks. Even at noontime, when the streets are usually thronged with the working-girls hurrying to their luncheon or out for a half an hour's exercise, the streets are deserted except for the appearance of some tired-looking shopgirl trying to earn a few cents in spite of present conditions. The beautiful hotels, always crowded this time of the year, are empty except for a few Americans who are lingering, waiting for a boat to take them home. The large cafés on the boule-

vard are all closed. It is only the small tea-rooms and bars that dare hope for any business.

The smart people who live out near the Bois have heard too much about German Zeppelins to venture out on a beautiful day, and forbid their nurses taking the children into the park. It is only the poorer people in the Latin Quarter who insist in taking their children in the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg for an airing. As night falls, the people gather in crowds to watch the skies. They have let their imaginations dwell so long on Zeppelins and bombs that many imagine they see these awful implements of war when they are watching harmless stars.

At the other end of the city, they gather round the Eiffel Tower, which now bears the highest artillery in the world. Here are placed immense machine guns. Up at Montmartre, the people gather in little circles to read the letters they have received from their soldier boys and to discuss the possibility of Paris being captured. They have forgotten all about their once lively dance-halls and cabarets. There are but few artists left in this quarter now, for they have either gone home or to the front, while the women and children amuse themselves reading the last extra or listening to an organ-grinder giving them many patriotic airs for a few sous.

How lonely and sad these vacant streets and boulevards look, contrasted with their appearance on the 15th of July, which is France's national holiday. Then there was dancing on nearly every street corner, made livelier by the throwing of confetti, careless laughter and much kissing. The Queen of Beauty ruled then, while now havoc and the cruelties of war are in supremacy. Except for a few soldiers and officers moving up and down in the Bois, that splendid park is quite deserted. The famous cafés, such as Madrid and Armoneville, have closed their doors. It is hard to imagine that these restaurants were visited by no less than five thousand people during an afternoon of the races. Less than two months ago, the great markets of Paris were crowded with country people hurrying in with their carts, horses and mules. In a short time they had distributed their splendid supply of meats, vegetables, fruits, flowers and small merchandise without and within. By seven o'clock the place was crowded with women of all social classes and wealth. Now the great crowds have dwindled, for the markets only display the barest necessities and the women only come and buy as they actually need them.

It is said that thousands of women have been thrown out of employment, for more than sixty per cent. of the women in Paris were working women. No sooner

had war been declared than most of the small shops closed their doors and this threw hundreds of women out of work. A few of the leading dressmaking establishments carried their main business over to London, but they could not give employment to all their people. A few of the large stores kept open for a while, but soon their men were called to the front and so their business did not pay. I wonder what has become of the great numbers of designers and artists who were dependent on foreign purchase for their livelihood? Occasionally a pale, haggard girl passes by, as though she was seeking employment in a designer's studio or in an artist's atelier. But business is at a standstill and there is only employment for a very few out of many.

The flower markets which always made Paris so attractive have vanished, even the famous flower market in front of the Madeleine. It is only an occasional old woman who has the courage to try to earn a few pennies by selling roses or lilies of the valley.

The streets lack all energy, even in the afternoon, when there is so much energy in Paris. The women have neither the courage nor the money to start off on any shopping trips. The French women now appear in simple attire and are limiting their shopping to the few things they need. Many have been deprived of

their large incomes, are managing to do their own houswork and are looking after their children, while those who can still afford things are busy working for the Red Cross, visiting the hospitals and *craches.*

Even more deserted is the Latin Quarter with the Sorbonne called the Medicine and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Usually at this time of the year they are busy with their annual house-cleaning preparatory to receiving the many students that come from America, England, Poland, Russia and Germany. Their doors are closed so tightly this year they certainly will not be opened. The gaiety of the Latin Quarter is now a thing of the past. A few soldiers sipping their coffee out of doors is a commonplace picture for the gay-hearted artists that once promenaded the street with their pretty models and coquettes. There is now no dancing nor merry-making up at Montmartre, the real artists' quarter. The streets are now so deserted they are excellent dens for thieves and robbers, for gone are even the venders with their push-carts who made a noise as they hawked their wares. Even the museums and picture galleries are closed, and the only public buildings left open are those being used for military purposes. The few women and children seen on the street look frightened and worried. Any jar or noise seems to promise danger.

Sunday is like any other day, except that crowds of people hurry to the Madeleine or Notre Dame to beg for peace or for war to be over. All the stalls on the Seine are closed and the strand is vacant except for the soldiers that patrol up and down. All the cab-drivers left in Paris are either old men or women who find it hard to earn a few francs a day.

The country looks almost as deserted. Many a beautiful farm has gone to waste because there is no one to look after the harvest. Still, the women and children are doing their level best working on the farms and doing all they can to save their vegetables and grain.

Many of the vineyards have been trampled on by regiments of soldiers and most of the lovely champagne country is ruined. The hardest blow of all was the news that the famous cathedral at Rheims had been destroyed and all the famous buildings had either been laid in ruins or seriously damaged. The cathedral is supposed to have the finest rose window left in France and it was considered the finest piece of Gothic architecture. It was in this cathedral that Charles the Tenth was crowned and that the lovely Maid of Orleans saw the coronation of Charles VII which marked the fulfillment of her vision. The beautiful Church of Saint Jacques has commemorated her life in beautiful

stained glass windows, while the museum, rich in treasures that memorialize her life, has also been destroyed. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the poor French people who love their country so well are brokenhearted as they look out on the approaching night, wondering what will happen next.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A REFUGEE?

How would you like to be a refugee for four weeks, fleeing from the horrors and hardships of war? How would you like to be cut off all this time by mail and cable from relatives and friends? How would you like to be many thousand miles from home, with little money and no credit, trying to meet your obligations and at the same time sharing the little you have with those less fortunate than you are?

This is a brief summary of my experience won from the war. The situation looked so hopeless because the war came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. I was at Bad Kissingen in Southern Bavaria when the news came that Austria was threatening Servia with war. Though some of the alarmists were confident that this meant the beginning of a world war, the German papers assured the nations that everything was being done to confine the war to Austria and Servia. Even the Austrian Emperor had said that his country had started the war and it was up to him to work out his own salvation.

I was therefore more surprised when the word came on Saturday that Russia had mobilized for the pur-

pose of crossing the German frontier. This mere threat seemed to paralyze most of the Americans who were busy taking their cures in this Bavarian resort, for until then they had only heard war spoken of at far range. Many of them went mornings and afternoons to the Kurgarten and tried to drown their sorrows in the beautiful strains of the Viennese orchestra, which they listened to in a listless way. The thought uppermost in their minds was how would we get out if Russia really declared war on Germany?

The most panicky and energetic got busy and left, but most of the Americans tried to pull themselves together and to wait for further developments. Our unsteady nerves and heavy hearts were reassured by the articles in all the German dailies saying that they were doing their level best to stay out of the fight and to keep the war confined to Austria and Servia. The foreign diplomats, even of England, gave the same reassuring reports. This promise of good faith and friendship was given out on Saturday, so on Sunday when word came that Russia had been mobilizing for three days to cross the German frontier, it came as a shock. But Germany still tried to ward it off by granting Russia twelve hours to give some sort of explanation for this work. This Russia did by sending some of her forces across the German frontier.

By noon on Sunday our sanitarium was in a pandemonium of excitement, as it became known that many German officers were being recalled and were busy packing their trunks to catch the first afternoon train back to the Prussian capital.

I tore down-stairs two steps at a time. In the hallway I met a German countess weeping in real sorrow while her grandmother was trying to console her. When I inquired the reason for all this grief the grandmother said that her grandsons were officers and had been called to their different regiments.

In the dining-room that noon there were one hundred and seventy-five worried men and women of many different nationalties. They were plotting and planning how they could escape the war, or at least get to their homes. The Germans had soon decided to leave without any delay for Berlin, Frankfurt, Munich and other German cities so they could tell each other goodbye before the men started for war.

The Russian merchants and bankers were alarmed and they started for St. Petersburg and Moscow to escape being made prisoners in Germany. There were two Persian princes who hurried to the minister of war and obtained permission to take out their auto-car and started for Lucerne that very afternoon. Many Americans who had auto-cars with them made the same move

trying to get to Berlin, The Hague or London, but most of these were shot at before they had gone very far. The two Persian princes barely escaped being shot as Turkish spies.

In less than two hours only thirty-five guests were left in the sanitarium; most of these were Americans and Russians who were wondering if they had not made a mistake by staying. They were comforted when they heard the next day that most of the people who had left had not gotten very far.

The thought that we were living in a military country on the eve of one of the world's greatest wars was just a little nerve-racking. That afternoon we took a carriage drive through the woods to one of the neighboring towns. It was a beautiful summer's day, and it was hard to think that a terrible war was about to break over this placid scene. The picture was made more attractive by the many peasants out for their usual Sunday holiday in their large farm wagons. These carts were crowded with German families of the usual size, children, parents and grandparents. Though they did not look jovial, the expression of their countenances never indicated that they realized that a great war was pending.

It was after five when my mother and I returned to the sanitarium that afternoon. I had been resting less

than a half-hour in the large hall when a head-waiter came and threw an extra bulletin in my lap, which read that Germany had mobilized and declared war.

The men seated near me turned pale; they were too stunned to make any comment on the situation. I waited until I had calmed myself and then I bounded up to my room. My mother was resting at the time, and by the way I tore into the room she must have thought a tiger was about to break loose from the zoo.

"It's all up! It's all up!" I cried, as I sounded a bell for a porter to come and help me pack my book-trunk. I cleared the bureau drawers and the tables and he commenced to pack with as much enthusiasm as though we were going off to join a regiment. Then I proceeded to take the dresses out of the wardrobe and began to pile everything high on the beds.

"Have you gone crazy?" my mother said, only to get the determined answer, "No, but we are off tomorrow," as I continued to add more clothes to the great pile. I proceeded to explain that I had engaged a Swiss man to take us across the frontier and then we would decide whether to go to Holland, Belgium or England.

While talking and working, I failed to notice that one of the nurses had been in the room giving my mother some medicine and had overheard the conversation. I was also unaware of the fact that she had

gone down-stairs and told the head-doctor that I was informing the patients that Germany had declared war. He sent up one of his assistants, who said that I was creating a panic in his sanitarium. His remarks in German, translated into English, were somewhat like the following:

"You are an egoist to create all this excitement; don't you know that the maids are out in the hall crying?"

I answered that I was sorry if any of the women had been made hysterical by the news but I was in no way responsible for the war.

I soon saw that it was as difficult to combat the egotistical in peace as in war, so I decided to sit steady and await an opportunity. The next morning I went down at six-thirty to see what the fifty thousand guests were doing and how they took the situation. The place about the music-stand was packed with Germans and German-Americans who were listening to such strains as "Der Wacht am Rhein," "Deutchland über Alles," intermingled with our own "Star Spangled Banner." The only comment made on these strains were the cries of "Hoch! Hoch!" from time to time. At the other end of the grounds was another mob of men and women reading the extra bulletin that a Russian regiment had crossed the frontier and Germany had declared war. The men had a worried look and the women were pale

and anxious, but all showed magnificent control. There were no cries heard of "Down with Russia!" or "Down with France!" Many of these Germans were still filled with hope that Sir Edward Grey would bring these foreign powers to a satisfactory understanding.

It was not until Tuesday that the first men enlisted and martial law was proclaimed. A large part of the promenade was roped off and guarded by petty officers. Nobody crossed this plot of ground under penalty of being shot.

The proclaiming of martial law was a new experience for me, so I stood behind the ropes for hours at a time, seeing the young men come to the front, take the oath and enlist. The first regiments were only boys, still unmarried, living in romance rather than actuality. But I soon decided that it was not as hard for them to bid their sweethearts goodbye as it was a little later for fathers to bid their wives and several clinging children farewell. A week later it was even harder to see the old men, many of whom had served in the war of '70 and '71, gladly come forth again to join the rank and file. More than twenty-five thousand men enlisted in a week. They ranged from nineteen to forty-five and came from all conditions of life; the richest and the poorest alike were eager to go and fight and if necessary to die for their country. They

were impatient to change their civilian uniform for the earth-color uniforms. It was pathetic to see some of them hand over their old suits to their wives, for I wondered if they would ever use them again. But they seemed hopeful as they moved on, singing their favorite military strains. Each regiment had its favorite song; with one it was "Der Wacht am Rhein," with another "Deutchland über Alles."

This continued for a week, until twenty-five thousand men had been called out from Bad Kissingen and surrounding country. Most of these were farmers who had to drop their work before the harvesting of their grain. This work was turned over to women and children, while young boy scouts came and volunteered to work on the farms. The men were called into the different regiments mornings, noons and afternoons, until I wondered if it would ever stop. They marched off only to form new regiments. As I climbed the hill one day a middle-aged, kindly woman said to me in a choked voice, "I am giving everything I have in this world to this war, my husband and five sons. Four of them are to fight against France and two against Russia." She controlled her grief as she spoke, but it was not hard to see that her heart was broken. Many of the men working in our place were called out without getting a chance to tell wives or mothers goodbye,

while one man confessed modestly that he was to be the father of a first child in less than two months. In a week's time the male population was so depleted that it was hard to find a man walking in town or out in the fields. The few young men left were so ashamed they had not been taken that they hastened to explain that they belonged to the Landsturm and that they would be called out during the next two weeks. That most of them went willingly is shown by the fact that in a week's time Germany had over a million in arms. When a young man was refused by one ministry of war he applied to another and did not give up until he had been refused five or six times. Even the tear-stained faces of mothers and sweethearts did not influence these young men from rallying around their flag. These German women were perfect Spartans and were glad when they had four or five sons to give to their country. They are trying to do their best to fill the gaps made by husbands and sons in homes, in the fields and in the shops, taking their positions in stores, in banks and on street cars.

In a few days these peaceful Bavarian people settled down to their daily routine. They were not surprised when France as well as Russia declared war on them, for it was what they naturally expected. But the news that England also had declared war came as a terrible

shock. This news fanned the fire into a terrible flame and goaded the Germans on to a point where they felt they must lose all or win all.

Although the Americans were sympathizing with all this sorrow they had plenty of worries of their own. By half-past eight in the morning and at three in the afternoon, there were such crowds of people gathered before the small banks and ticket agents that it was next to hopeless to get in without being crushed, even if one wanted tickets or money. The Germans, Russians and English were foremost in these crowds, for the Germans felt they had to get home while the Russians or English wanted to escape being taken prisoners. Being an American, I felt that I was well protected until one morning I was stopped by a German and was accused of being a Russian. One day two of these men stopped me and I understood enough of what they were saying to know that they wanted to prove that I was a spy. Fortunately I had my passport with me, and that was enough to prove that I was an innocent American looking for friends and money instead of working with bombs.

The Americans in our sanitarium were fairly quiet until the word came that the banks were closed; at least, they would only give out money on German letters of credit. This information was aggravated by

the fact that England had closed the cable in Germany. Paradoxical as it may seem, it was strange to us that the days moved on just the same, the days multiplied themselves into a week, and we had a board-bill staring us in the face with no prospect of money. I thought our host might be kind enough not to present us with a bill at the end of the week, but it came in just as usual. I was so angry that I left it there for a week without looking at it. I soon made up my mind if I could not get out of Germany the best thing to do was to bring some money into Germany.

I had some friends living in Frankfurt to whom I confided our distress. I do not know which was more difficult, keeping up a German conversation over the telephone or assuring them I was hard presssed for money. After a dozen serious conversations over the 'phone, backed up by a number of German postals, I got two hundred and fifty dollars from one and seventy-five dollars from another. I also got two letters from friends, one from Berlin and the other from Dresden, asking if I needed help, and I hoisted the signal of distress in a hurry. Only a small part of this money could be kept as a reserve fund, as we now owed two weeks' board. Fortunately the banks had opened again and our government had sent instructions to give us money on our letters of credit, using their own discretion. I

had to wait all day until I could get near a bank, and then the cashier said one hundred and fifty dollars was all we needed. When I explained it was not enough he became angry and accused me of calling him names. He made a terrible fuss in his bank and for a few moments I though he would have me arrested. The question of money was only one of the many difficulties. Germany was so excited by the presence of spies in her midst that she at times accused the twinkling stars of being bombs thrown into the air. Determined to rid her country of spies, she sent policemen accompanied by watchdogs to search the Russians and to find out the whereabouts of the others. One morning we were notified we must all present ourselves at the schoolhouse where we were to exhibit our passports or other credentials. It was really a funny sight to watch nearly two hundred thousand Russians and Americans trying to force a way into a small schoolhouse. When the work first started, the soldiers and first aides tried to arrange the throng in single, double and triple files, but after half an hour's venture the rope gave way and the people found themselves where they started. I was soon tired with the overpowering mob and went home to begin all over in the afternoon. After two hours hard work we had gone from the first step to the inner door. The actual work went more

quickly, for when the recorder saw passports marked with the red seal of Washington, D C., he was satisfied and asked few questions.

When the German mail man did not appear for a week it gradually dawned upon us that we were not getting our mail and we wanted to know the reason for this. We soon found out that if England had closed the cables Germany had closed the mail, and that we could not have our letters that were marked U. S. A. until they had been opened and read. Some of the more energetic Americans went to the German minister of war and complained. This complaint was sent on to Berlin. After a week's fuming and worrying they were told that they must go and have their pictures taken. Every one who wanted his mail had to pay fifty cents for a small, ugly-looking picture made payable in advance. They presented it at the ministry of war and only a small number were allowed through the gates at a time. The most daring of the soldiers teased the Russians about their names, and even had the impudence to tease the unmarried girls about their age. By the time they had pasted the pictures upon the papers, the funny-looking scrawl looked like certificates worthy of a rogue's gallery. After these minor details had been attended to the question paramount in our minds was: "How could Uncle Sam bring all his chil-

dren home?" There was a rumor that one of our warships, "The Tennessee," was to be dispatched to the other side to deliver money and good cheer. We heard that she was also authorized to buy ships, but we wondered if ships could be bought, and, if they could be, would not the other nations raise objections. A group of successful business men in our sanitarium delegated themselves as captains and pilots for an unknown ship and began studying the map of Europe. There was a great diversity of opinion as to which way we should go if we went in a body. First they recommended Switzerland, only to find out that Switzerland had closed her gates because she feared a food famine. Then they suggested Italy, but this was vetoed because Italy is hard to reach from Bavaria and the ships sailing from Italy are very small. One of their happiest suggestions was Belgium, until they heard that Belgium had been drawn into the war against her will. I think a few recommended England, but this was promptly vetoed because England was at war and the channel was choked with mines. Strangely, no one thought of Holland. In the leisure moments they busied themselves taking up a collection for the Red Cross and sending important messages to Gerard, our ambassador in Berlin. He consoled them by saying there was no immediate danger and recommended that we send

for our consul in Coburg. After patiently waiting a few more days our vice-consul appeared.

He was shut up for several hours with a delegation who had invited him down. I have no idea what transpired at that important meeting, for no new work was undertaken to get us out of Germany. He was busy telling us about his hardships and that it had taken him thirty hours to make a five-hour trip. He got busy looking after the passports of those who were fortunate enough to have them and making a record of those who wanted them. He promised to get them emergency passports signed with the biggest red seals he had. As he spoke to each one of us in turn he asked for the name of some relative or friend in the United States, adding that if anything happened to us he could notify our friends at home. When the Americans worried him about how we should get home, he asssured us that transports would be sent over in due time to get us all back safely.

On hearing this, my mother brought me before the vice-consul and asked him what he thought of our going to Holland by way of Berlin. The very question seemed to frighten him, for he argued that if it took thirty-two hours to make a five-hour trip, it might take weeks to go from Bavaria to Holland. He was sure that some of the tracks had been pulled up and

that some of the rails and bridges might be laid with bombs. He argued that even if we escaped these difficulties we might be thrown out on the fields any time and might have to run miles crossing the frontiers. He said that the small coupés were so crowded with people that he had seen men and women stand at the stations for hours while the more fortunate ones were crushed into third-class coupés or into baggage cars. My mother was then resolved not to move until our government should send transports to take us home and we should go home in a private car. I said nothing, but had my eyes set on Holland as my goal.

A few days later I happened to go into the Holland American agency and told the man to wire to Rotterdam and see if he could get us a room. To my surprise and delight I was informed the following week that we could have a whole cabin on the Rotterdam, sailing on the 29th of August. Then my mother refused to pay the fifty dollars down, for she was confident that the Holland American ships would not run. I kept her in the office to hold the telegram while I tore up hill to consult a successful business man from St. Louis as to whether I should pay fifty dollars down on what seemed to be a good chance. He argued that woman's intuition was often better than a man's reason and that I should follow out my original plan. I

won my mother over to our way of thinking by telling her what she had still left in American Express checks and that she could use them instead of money. When we had secured a cabin I felt as rich as John Bull does since he has secured control of the English Channel. Hardly a day passed but I looked at the ticket to see that it had not been lost. Then I began to tell people at the sanitarium and wired my friends in Berlin advising them how to get out of Germany.

By this time the first mobilization was over and there was an interim of about ten days before the calling of the Landsturm, which meant the boys from twenty-one to twenty-five and the men from forty to forty-five.

The ticket agent told us that we could go at any time, that the longer we waited the worse it would become, and that by delay we were considerably reducing our chances for getting away. He could sell us tickets for a stretch but that there were no more through tickets to be had. In contradiction to this statement, the doctor who had the sanitarium said that he had been at a committee meeting of the railroads and they admitted that there were many hardships in trying to get away at present. Every day I noticed men and women hurrying to the station carrying their hand luggage, and letting the maids from the pensions carry their small trunks.

There was an Hungarian couple at our sanitarium who had been waiting for weeks to get back to Budapest. One day the woman told me she had bought provisions for five days and they were going to start the next morning, for she thought they could make the trip in five days. This gave me new courage, for I believed that if she could get back to Budapest I could get to Berlin. At the same time I heard that long-distance telephone connections with Berlin had been reopened. After trying for some hours, I made a connection and got some friends who were stopping there. To my surprise, they told me that our Embassy in Berlin had chartered a special train and they were to be off in the morning. Still, I did not give up hope that I would meet them in Holland. The next morning I went off and bought two dress-suitcases and a straw basket, which were to hold my most prized treasures. I put on my good spring suit, jammed three good dresses and more than a dozen waists, set aside one winter hat, and a cape to carry on my arm. Then I proceeded to unpack the jewelry case and put the jewelry into satchels.

By the time I was ready to get my Swiss courier he was gone, so I had to take a swarthy German, who had acted as interpreter at the post-office, as a substitute. When the doctor called that afternoon and saw a

stranger in my mother's room he wanted to know what he was doing. I admitted that we were planning to leave the next day and intended taking him as our aide. Another storm broke on the calm, for the doctor argued that neither was my mother strong enough nor I courageous enough to make the journey alone. I said little but thought much, and was determined that it must be now or never. I ate up in my room that evening, for I did not want to talk it over with anybody and wanted to finish on my own impulse. Our chambermaid, Marie, was both surprised and worried when she heard that we were going, and said: "Think over it well, for the geheimrath knows best." That night I was so feverish that I could not sleep and I told my mother that she must decide for herself, but that my advice was for her to go. In the morning there was another discussion as to whether I should take my French books and notebooks. My mother and maid said that if they were found on me I would be arrested as a spy, but I was determined to take a chance and I am glad now that I did.

A strange incident occurred that morning when the Swiss man whom I had at first secured returned, and the German appeared a few minutes later. Our maid and a porter favored the Swiss man, so I compromised by paying the other man five dollars for his trouble.

I left my mother to pack the odds and ends and to give the final decision that we were going while I went back to the minister of war to get the permission to leave. We took our luncheon in our room as we did not wish to be bombarded with questions, but a number of friends heard that we were going and they came to wish us Godspeed, brought us candy and cookies, and begged us to take letters to friends across the sea.

When we reached the station we found it guarded and patroled by soldiers and no one could pass the gate without showing both a ticket and pass. It was even more difficult to get three seats in a coupé, for a Russian family was taking care of a sick man and said they had only places for their nurses. When we ventured into another compartment a German woman with her grandson tried to keep us out. After we had become friendly she admitted her reason was that I looked like a Russian and she refused to ride in the same compartment with a Russian woman.

We only rode a short distance when we had to get down and wait for another train going toward Berlin. We loaded up our compartment with six bottles of strawberry selzer, as we were more thirsty than hungry. At six o'clock we found ourselves seated in a small primitive station restaurant crowded with people. Among them were several active officers and a num-

ber of retired officers on their way to Berlin. After supper I was talking with one of the petty officers, who said that they were hopeful though they knew they had hard battle ahead. Moreover, they would never forget the friendly attitude America had shown them in this terrible world war. It was twelve o'clock before we were allowed to go through the gates and another hour before our train pulled out. The conductor explained that we would have to wait an hour until an Italian train had passed. He suggested that we should take great care in crossing the railroad tracks and when we got into our seats we should not change, the reason I do not know. There were signs posted on the window, "Keep your heads in and beware of bombs." This frightened my mother so that she would not move, but I was too curious to see what was going on outside to obey orders. For one hour a half-dozen guards went over the tracks looking for bombs and then they came into our coupé looking for spies. At one o'clock we were wondering if we would ever reach Berlin without being blown up with bombs. I had a weird, strange feeling, for I saw heads now and then bobbing up in the distance. I thought they were ghosts at first, but finally discovered that they were only cavalrymen riding in the baggage car. It was nearly four o'clock when I became so exhausted that I could keep awake

no longer and slept for an hour and a half in an upright position. My travelling companions, including my mother and a Norwegian woman going to Christiania, were more fortunate in this respect. We had breakfast at Weimar, and I could hardly think of this lovely Saxon city and the center of German culture, the home of Goethe and Schiller, being disturbed by war. The large station was crowded with soldiers watching for spies. As usual, one of the soldiers believed that I was a Russian, and he was surprised to find my passport identified me as an American. I should not have minded being thought a Russian if they had not looked upon the most unsuspected people of Russia as spies. We reached Erfurt, which is known as the garden of Germany, for its beautiful flowers. Here my mother introduced me to a handsome German boy, seventeen years old, who had volunteered and was hurrying to Kiel to be accepted into the navy.

That day we counted thirty-two transports carrying German soldiers toward France, and it was only after I had seen them that I knew what German organization meant. In the baggage car was the cavalry—every man to his horse, and all had been instructed that consideration for horses came before themselves. The cannon and other field provision were on tracks, but I was told that the powder and dynamite was carried at

night instead of in daytime. There were many automobiles with Red Cross doctors and officers accompanied by chauffeurs, who were to carry them into the enemy's country. Everywhere one met courage and enthusiasm. Essential marks showed printed in chalk on trains —"We shall eat our Christmas dinner in Paris" and "It is a short way from Berlin to Paris."

After luncheon I walked through the town down into the deep valley, where hundreds of young men were lying in the grass waiting to be enrolled that afternoon. At the end was a garden with a large house which was being turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers, and I saw a number of Red Cross nurses and doctors getting things into shape. At three o'clock a military train came along carrying soldiers to Berlin. There was only one coupé vacant and that contained a high officer and another high official. The officer was kind enough to get out and make room for us. It was long after twelve o'clock when we reached Berlin, and we noticed that the big bridges connecting the city were well protected with soldiers. Thousands of women and children were waiting to see the American refugees hurrying to Berlin, or soldiers hastening to spend a few hours with relatives before they went to war. Except for these great crowds at the station there was no disorder, and it was hard to imagine that the Prussian cap-

ital was in the throes of such a mighty war. Our hotel was out in the Thiergarten, the loveliest part of Berlin, and was cool even in summer weather. The hotel manager was a Dutchman, and he had great sympathy with the American refugees. He was kind enough to say that if he met any Americans he would keep them there as long as they wanted to stay on credit. Next morning, bright and early, we hurried off to the Embassy, which is a handsome and imposing building near to the German Embassy. Though it was only half-past nine, there were more than three hundred people waiting to get in. A number of young officials were trying their best to line the people up in double files and to keep order. Here again I had great difficulty in proving my identity. It was only after I showed my passport that I was allowed to enter. Within the doorway there was a jolly negro trying to keep the women happy—his aide was a German who was doing his best to try and keep order. This was no light task, as our Embassy was looking after the affairs of the English, French and Russians along with its own. A number of college boys waiting to be returned home had offered their services and were assisting the clerks in their work. Our Embassy had been so overburdened with work that Mrs. Gerard was there all day long helping her husband. This work included giving out of passports, the

O. K.-ing of passports, selling of tickets on special trains and the giving out of money to stranded Americans.

The expressions of the people waiting outside seemed to say I care for nothing save "Home, Sweet Home" or "Take me back to Grigsby's station." After getting our passports signed we were told to come back next day for our tickets for the special train. In the meantime we had to turn over our passports to the German minister of war and get them back at our own Embassy. The rest of the time was put in visiting a few of the galleries left open, watching the great crowds of people that surged around the Emperor's house, trying to get a glimpse of him, and in trying to get the latest news of war from our own papers. Sunday morning I went up to the Dom Church, the great church of Berlin, which was packed to the doors with German men and women bent in solemn prayer. For the Landsturm had been called out that morning and thousands of men knew that they would have to be off to the war in the morning. At noon, when the many church doors were thrown open, thousands of people passed out, the men with heads uncovered, the women pale and earnest, but all resigned and willing to do their best. All eyes were bent to the palace, for the lowered flag showed that the Emperor was at home making his

preparations for leaving that night. This was the first day for a week that there had been quiet around the palace. Until Sunday thousands of people were gathered all day long singing the Kaiser's favorite songs and shouting "Hoch! Hoch!" every time they caught a glimpse of him, and especially when he ventured out on the balcony to make a speech to his people. That afternoon hundreds of people gathered with their children in the Thiergarten to enjoy the animals and to listen to the military band play many patriotic airs. This was the last peaceful Sunday that hundreds of husbands spent with their families. Next morning many a tired woman commenced to work to help the Red Cross, and to put the different hospitals and royal homes that had been turned into hospitals ready for the wounded soldiers. The Empress did her share, and the Crown Princess gave one of her palaces for this work. On every street corner there were young girls and women hard at work getting contributions for the Red Cross. Berlin became so deserted of men that it was next to impossible to find men salesmen in the shops, while they were even trying the women out as conductors on the street cars. The banks were more than half emptied of their clerks and the police work was being done by the older men.

Our special train that was to take us to Holland left

on Tuesday, so we had to be at the Embassy on Monday for our tickets. Though the tickets were not sold until eleven o'clock that morning, by nine many were waiting patiently to put in their orders. There were first, second and third class tickets sold, but these could only be bought by Americans. I tried to get one for our Swiss courier, but I was told that this was a special train for Americans, and so I had to leave him behind. As I look back to those few days spent in Berlin, many pleasant incidents in the midst of the Prussian capital in the throes of a world war recur to mind. One of these was the approach of the Kaiser, accompanied by a high government official, as they rode through the Brandenburger Thor along Unter den Linden to the ministry of war. He was simply swarmed by his people, who yelled, "Unser Kaiser! Unser Kaiser! Hoch! Hoch!" Although he appreciated their loyalty and patriotism, his face showed great care and worry and he seemed to have grown ten years older in a few weeks.

A pathetic incident was the great crowds of people who came and went out of the Dom Church Sunday morning, where they went to pray for strength and resignation. The crowd was so great that only Germans were allowed to enter church that morning. It was an inspiring sight to see men of all ages, accompanied by their wives, children or sisters, come out with

resolute faces, realizing the danger but determined to give their all for the cause.

It was Tuesday afternoon that our special train was ready at five o'clock to take us from Berlin into Holland. Though the train was not ready much before five, hundreds of anxious Americans were on the platform by three in the afternoon. Most of them had plenty to do in the two hours before our train pulled out. Some had to look after their trunks, make sure that they were being placed in the baggage car, while those who were not fortunate enough to have trunks with them discussed at length the probability or lack of probability of ever having their luggage again. There were many people lost in the crowds; mothers had to look for their children, wives for their husbands. A large delegation of newspaper men and publishers appeared with high mounds of literature on the war, begging the Americans to see that this reading matter should be scattered broadcast in our country. Even more interesting were the crowds of American women left behind, who brought all the way from one to a dozen letters, asking us to post them when we reached New York. Many had tears in their eyes as they asked this favor, and not a single man or woman on that special train was hard-hearted enough to refuse. Among the number of women who came to me with

letters was a sweet-faced brunette about thirty. She said that she had just made her début in Berlin with much success as a singer. This was what she had told her husband, along with the fact that she was living in a nice pension where she had become acquainted with a well-known tenor and his family, who were taking good care of her until she would be able to come home. She gave me all this information because her letter was written in German, and she feared I might not take it unless I knew its contents. In less than a quarter of an hour's time she returned with a large bouquet of roses, saying this was a mere expression of her appreciation.

Our train pulled out at five o'clock sharp with much yelling and waving of handkerchiefs and fans. Out of this noise one heard the cry, "Godspeed!" "Give my love to all the dear ones at home!" "Good luck!" "Auf wiedersehen!" which was answered by the refrain of the song, "Deutchland über Alles!"

This special train was packed with anxious-looking men, women and children. They seemed so happy to get out of a land of war into one of peace, that they never grumbled at the thought of sitting in a day coach thirty hours without any sleep except what they got napping.

All along the line we saw beautiful fields waiting for

the harvest to be taken in by the women and children. They were doing their best to supplement the work of their fathers and older brothers. Whenever they noticed our train pass and realized that we were Americans they waved their hands and shouted in friendly greeting. Our coupé had four seats, so by taking turns every one got a chance to rest an hour or two.

It was not until two o'clock the next day that our train reached Bentheim, which is on the Dutch frontier. Our train did not pull up to the platform as usual, so all the passengers in turn had the pleasure of taking a three-foot leap. This was the German side, so our luggage had to be examined before we could pass over the Dutch frontier. There were only two ticket windows for nearly three thousand people, so we were wedged in like sardines. There were no porters to carry our hand luggage, so we had to hoist it on as best we could. A short ride brought us to the Dutch frontier, where we were all told to get down and have our luggage, even to our hand luggage, examined again. As we could not get any porters many of us refused to get down, with the plea that we were refugees and not tourists.

When the custom officials saw that some of us stood firm, they boarded the train and examined our things in a superficial way. The more obedient, who did as they were told, fared badly by their obedience. There

was such a mix-up inside that many came back minus valises, dress-suitcases, carry-alls, steamer coats, and even lost their seats in their coupés. The passengers were divided between Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague. A large number of these were without steamer passage, but they were hurrying to Rotterdam determined to get something, even if it was steerage. There were plenty who had boarded our train without a dollar in their pockets beyond a railroad ticket to help them out, and they were trusting to good luck or what friendships they might make on the way for help. Many were loud in their praise of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard for the friendly advice and the financial aid they had been given by them. In spite of the hardships endured by the financial embarrassment, loss of trunks, lack of sleep, there was much humor and joviality, which is so valuable to the American people in difficult situations.

It was after one o'clock when we reached Wassenaar, a small suburb of The Hague. The hotel had been originally built for a golf club. It was a large, red brick building, set in a beautiful garden with such wonderful flowers as only Holland can grow. Surrounded by this splendid wealth of scenery, it was hard to imagine ourselves in the midst of countries that might be racked and ruined by war. The next morning we visited the Palace of Peace, handsome but imposingly simple. As

we looked upon its splendid rooms, decorated with pictures dedicated to peace, it seemed a blasphemy to God and man that such a building should remain if men are to fight out their differences with the cruel weapons of modern warfare. For a short time we abandoned these disquieting thoughts and visited some of the lovely Dutch shops, where we found a few inexpensive souvenirs for our friends who were anxiously awaiting us at home. We had our luncheon in a quaint Dutch restaurant where dainty sandwiches and Dutch cakes were served on the prettiest of Delft china.

Then we hurried to our Embassy to find out if the Tennessee had landed, as we all expected letters and hoped for money from home. One of the clerks said that the Tennessee was expected in England that day and would probably reach the Dutch coast in a day or two. Our Embassy was crowded with Americans asking for passports, money and information. Mr. Van Dyke and his clerks, assisted by boy scouts, were working overtime to gratify all these demands.

A number of our clerks looked anxious that afternoon, as gossip had it that the German Consul had been called back to Berlin that day, and if Holland were thrown into war she would flood her entire country in less than twenty-four hours' time. Our men thought it was an exaggerated rumor, but still they were advis-

ing people to leave Holland as early as possible. As we hurried along the streets and past the vacant lots, we saw hundreds of soldiers going through their daily exercises so that they could join the regular army when needed.

There was a great crowd of people waiting before the palace, anxious to see their Queen start off for a daily drive. Soon the automobile appeared, carrying the Queen and a friend for a drive out in the woods. Though she has grown older she is as sweet and girlish as ever. Her friendly smile shows that she has the determination to meet cheerfully the most difficult situations that may confront her before the war is finished.

We were about to take the 'bus up to our hotel when one of our friends stopped us and said, "Are you willing to leave tonight if I can secure passage for us four on the Ryndam?" I was so surprised by this question that I thought our friend, who had been studying in one of the German clinics, was losing his mental balance as a result of overstudy and war talk.

"Go tonight!" I exclaimed. "Why, we only came at one o'clock this morning. No, indeed; war or no war, I want one week of rest in this lovely, peaceful country."

"This is no time to romance," he explained. "You

can enjoy pastoral beauties in our own U. S. A. There is talk that Holland may go to war tonight. If she does she certainly will flood the country before she stands for any nonsense such as Belgium has." With this he helped us into the 'bus and boarded the five-o'clock train for Rotterdam, to take his chance of getting four tickets at the eleventh hour.

When I got on to my splendid terrace window overlooking the garden I was ready to sell out at any price. I argued that it was better to be shot than to go crazy, and I knew that fifty-six hours without sleep or three days and nights without sleep in a week was too much of a strain. The beauty of these rosebeds and ponds seemed to comfort my jaded nerves more than the happy thoughts of home.

So I took tea on the terrace and forgot all about an ocean voyage until the face of my watch announced it was six o'clock and time to pack. By seven our little party of three were ready for supper, but we had no idea whether we were going to stay that night. We had two auto-cars for our party of eight, in case the added four joined the two couples who had passage secured on the Ryndam.

Our friends waited until nine and then they got ready to go, fearing that they might miss their boat if they were detained any longer. They suggested that

they would give all the assistance they could, even to besieging the captain to wait a little longer.

By ten the guests started to retire and most of the lights had been put out. The doctor's wife, who was a young married woman, tried to read an exciting story in one of the English monthlies, but she was so worried about her husband I am confident she did not know a word she was reading.

We tried to get the Holland American line at Rotterdam but the wires were not working—were out of order. Shortly before twelve o'clock we got a telegraph message sent over the telephone which said, "Tell the Americans to come to the Ryndam at once." The message sounded so strange, and, being unsigned, we feared it might be a plot to get us and that we were being suspected as spies. This did not frighten the doctor's wife, who insisted on going and looking for her husband. We gave orders for the automobile to be called, and the man answered he did not want to make an hour and a half trip at that time of night. I answered that he must come around at once and set his price. It was nothing more nor less than forty dollars, and he insisted on having every gulden of it before he would turn the crank of the car. There were a number of other delays, for we could not find a porter, and the room waiter refused to carry our baggage to the

car. Then the manager had promised to take us to Rotterdam, but he said it was too late for him to venture out in such times, and it was only when we offered the house porter a five-dollar bill that he consented to sit on the box with a revolver in his hip pocket.

Then our punctilious proprietor delayed us with our bill, for he was more anxious that he should not charge us one cent too much or too little than that we should catch our boat. We were even further delayed by feeing the help, who still stood around for their tips while our escort explained that money spoke in war times.

Finally we were off, and certainly this midnight ride compares favorably with Paul Revere's famous ride. I do not know how many kilometers we covered per hour, but I do know that if anything had bounced against us or we against anything we would not have lived to tell the tale. We went through deep woods, dark streets, through small villages and through long, narrow dams at breakneck speed. We had the right of way except for the tolls that had to be raised, for the soldiers watching at a distance and for an occasional drunkard that tumbled into the streets. We went so fast that every time our automobile took a bridge it flew several feet into the air. It was only kind Providence watching over us that saved us from being shot as spies—at least being taken prisoners. It was one

o'clock when we entered the Holland American office and gave up a good cabin on the Rotterdam for two berths in the auxiliary cabin on the Ryndam.

As we came on board we saw our ambassador, Mr. Van Dyke, tell some of his friends goodbye and wish them Godspeed. We stopped to hear some people exclaim, "My, that was a splendid speech—I guess he is sorry he is not going home—well, if a man wishes to be an ambassador he must do his duty and watch his people—I wonder how many of us will take his advice and keep neutral in thought on this trip." As soon as we got on board we found that ours was not a choice cabin. It was one of the forty cabins made in a week in the hold of the boat usually made to keep the trunks.

I decided not to go to our cabin that night, as it was nearly two o'clock before the boat pulled out, and then we sat around and chatted some time about the mines in the channel and the possibility of our boat striking one and being blown to pieces. When we tired of sitting on deck we went down into the dining salon and slept on benches in impromptu manner. To tell the truth of the matter, we were reaching a point where a few hours seemed a luxurious amount of sleep. Many who did not find the early morning air too brisk camped out on steamer chairs outside.

Next morning my mother and I went down to see

what our cabin was like. After reaching the lower deck we had to climb down a small ladder to get to our room. The company had tried to make the hold attractive by arranging palms and flowers around the walls. The center of the hall was usurped by trunks, for about one-third of the first-class passengers had been fortunate enough to save their baggage. Some of the flat trunks were useful, for they served as chairs and benches when our cabins became too crowded during the day.

Much to our surprise, we found that our small cabin was designed for four people, though it was only large enough for two during the day. I gave my mother the lower berth, and then the question became pertinent how was I to scramble into the upper one. I made many futile attempts trying to bolt and then taking a turn at the ladder. I succeeded in reaching the last step, but only went so far as bumping my head against the ceiling when I tried to crawl in.

The lady who had the other lower berth soon saw that my efforts were futile, and since she was extremely slight she kindly offered me her lower berth. Unknown to the authorities, we sent the fourth occupant into our friend's room and reduced the number to three. Thus we had one less person in our room than the rest of the people in the auxiliary cabin, but we found out

that there were just two too many when rough weather came.

Though everybody on board that boat had said the day before they were willing to ride steerage and to suffer all conceivable hardships without complaint, providing they could get away from warlike Europe, our captain confessed that he never met so many complaining people at one time in his life.

This was just a little annoying to him when he remembered that he had already been placed as a naval officer on a Dutch man-of-war, and he had only been recalled because he knew where the mines lay, and the company felt he was competent to steer our ship safely out of the harbor.

Many of the passengers only muttered in a low voice as long as they were in the channel, for they feared the floating mines, though not a single mine broke loose and floated near our vessel. We were met by a number of English naval war boats. The ugliest of these was a small torpedo boat which stopped us before we were out of the English Channel. Our boat cried "Halt!" as soon as we saw this little English racer coming toward us with her guns leveled toward our bow. As soon as we were near enough to hear her words one of her officers gave the following queries: "Where do you come from?" "From Holland," was the prompt reply.

"What have you on board?" "A cargo of humans," answered the captain, loud and clear.

"Where are you bound for?" came the pertinent answer.

"For New York," they were told. Then came the fearless command:

"You may follow me to Scilly Island, where we will examine your papers, and if they are satisfactory you may go on unmolested."

It was just luncheon time when our boat stopped and two of the English officers came on board to examine our papers. Before going up to the bridge he went down into the hold and looked at the baggage and into the cabins. After examining our papers carefully they found the nearest approach to German enemies were naturalized German Americans. With English tact, they chatted with some of the men awhile and then went down the side of the boat and were off.

We encountered a number of English men-of-war on our way out of the English Channel but were only held up twice. As soon as they saw our papers signed up by the first man-of-war they let us go very promptly. As soon as we got out of the channel away from mines and men-of-war our tired, jaded refugees began to nag the purser from early morning till late at night. There were those who said that they consented to go steerage

because they thought steerage was fixed up like first cabin. When they saw that their complaints were futile they sent over one socialist leader to have it out with the overworked purser. The passenger exclaimed: "I tell you it is an outrage, we are not immigrants but good American citizens. I do not look like an influential man here but I am a strong factor in the socialist party in New York, and I will make this company look sick when I get there."

In marked contrast to this burly, rough man was the refined New England woman, a professor in one of our leading girls' colleges. She begged the purser to try and find three berths for her and two of her colleagues in either the first or second cabin, and asked if he in the meantime would see that the steerage was cleaned up and made a little more comfortable. A few days later I saw this professor walking on the first promenade deck telling some of her friends she felt like a culprit taking a first-class berth while her friends were left behind. More than a half-dozen worthies were brought over from the third cabin to the first. A college girl was among this number, who had been travelling with her brother. She had gotten into our cabin by mistake, and when I explained to her that her room was around the corner she begged me to leave her things in our room until she found her cabin,

and she said: "I was in hysterics for joy when my brother took me out of the third class, and I know I shall die if I have to go back there."

There was a talented blind boy pianist who had been travelling with a friend giving concerts abroad and a committee of wealthy men brought him into the first class; he had such a sweet, kind face, I am sure he was as uncomplaining among the steerage as he was after he had been provided with a comfortable berth. Though there were not enough first-class cabins for all the women and children found in the third, the committee of wealthy men went down every day and saw that the steerage was kept as clean as possible. But there were just as many complaints among the first-class passengers, for those down in the auxiliary cabins tried to get rooms on the promenade deck, or at least have the privacy of their own rooms. Most of them who were at all comfortably placed found their complaints useless.

Gradually these passengers became more resigned, for we had five days of rough weather, and many of them were too seasick to worry about where they could lay their heads. A few of the humorous people on board soon discovered that the auxiliary cabins were all marked four hundred, so we dubbed ourselves "The Four Hundred"; because of the flowers we dubbed it

the Palm Garden or the Ritz Carlton. As soon as the weather moderated some of the enthusiastic women were busy getting up a Red Cross collection for Germany. Then there was a petition gotten up by some German Americans, thanking the Germans for the kindly treatment the Americans had been accorded. The men in the meanwhile occupied themselves wondering if the stock exchange had been closed, discussing the merchants' marine and the duty of our increasing the navy.

One night we had a terrible electric storm which was a beautiful sight. It was so strong it fairly lit up the rooms, but every time a crash came we thought our end was near. The women, who were most afraid of the storm felt doomed; they got dressed and went up into the upper cabin, concluding that they would rather be shot at by cannon than to be drowned at sea. The climax to all of our troubles was the making out of our declaration and being held in quarantine at Ellis Island. Many objected to this treatment and argued that they were good American citizens and not immigrants. This was not much more than a form, for the health officers only glanced at our papers. It is strange what an influence this war had on women's consciences. There was not one woman who had been born in this country, though she had lived abroad several years, that

wished to call herself a non-resident. In spite of heavy luggage lost the women were so glad to get home that they made most honest declarations. As our boat landed the dock was so packed it was hard to distinguish our friends among the thousands standing on land waving their hands and shouting a welcome home. Since we only had dress-suitcases left our baggage was soon inspected, and in less than a half-hour later we found ourselves in a comfortable New York hotel. It only took a hurried breakfast and a refreshing bath to make me soon forget my own hardships. Still, I shall never forget the suffering I saw as I fled from the horrors of war, and I am now confident that the expression "War is hell" is as sure and true as the fact that there are stars in heaven.

WHAT MOBILIZATION MEANS

Have you ever been to war? Unless you can boast of the Civil War or the Spanish-American War this question may sound futile.

Have you ever seen a manœuvre? Unless you have been an invited guest at one of the French or German manœuvres you have but a faint idea of what a gigantic review for active military service is.

Have you ever seen a mobilization? Probably not, unless you were one of those who rallied around our flag in the Spanish-American War or in the late Mexican crisis.

Much as you may have read how the European countries have been gathering their forces, it is all a faint picture compared with the actual gigantic work that has been taking place during the early periods of the war.

Until I had seen a small part of this tremendous work, I had always thought of mobilization as the task of gathering a certain number of regiments led by their officers, and sending them off with their horses, cannon and provisions to a point of attack. Though these are all a small part of a great undertaking, mobilization is

a gigantic, living, breathing, throbbing force, where millions of men may act in concerted action and still every individual must play a small part in this melodramatic action.

I was fortunate enough to have been in Germany when the word was sounded that Russia was mobilizing, and that Germany would do the same unless Russia gave her some satisfactory explanation for her aggressive action.

When no answer came, at least no satisfactory reply, a declaration was made that Germany was mobilizing. What did this mean? It meant the bringing together of the most perfectly trained and equipped military force of modern times. For just as England has seen to it that she may retain the proud title of "Commander of the Seas," Germany has been equally proud of her magnificently equipped military forces.

It may take years to answer the question whether this army was being organized and trained for aggression to make other nations bow to Germany's will, or whether the intelligence of the German nation realized that the issue at stake during the Franco-Prussian War had not been threshed out and would have to be answered later. For, as Bismarck said in a conversation with the interviewer, W. B. Richmond, "Germany is a new empire and it must be protected from possible

assault by one or two or both powers, one to the east, the other to the west of us. You must remember that the next war between France and Germany must mean extinction for one. We lie between two lines of fire; France is our bitter enemy and Russia I do not trust. Peace may be far more dishonorable than war, and for war we must be prepared. Therefore, while Germany's very life as a nation is at stake, I cannot give the attention that I would otherwise wish to as regards the encouragements of the arts of peace, however much I may believe them to be, as you say, necessary to the highest development of the nation as a whole."

The German people of all classes were familiar with this prophecy, therefore they were not surprised, and more, they were prepared, when Russia and France in turn threw down the gauntlet of war. In most of the cities and towns you heard the familiar words spoken by men of all ranks, "Well, it doesn't matter much; it had to come, today or tomorrow, only the allies had planned to wait three years longer; then the French soldiers would have their three years' service and the Russian Army would have been reorganized. The allies thought that we might be found napping, but we are pretty well awake, and it is to be a fight to a finish."

Therefore, when the word mobilization was spoken

throughout Germany it was more than a call. It meant that every boy and man capable of carrying a gun was more than ready—he was dead anxious to join his regiment and die for his country. Whatever a man's rank might be, whatever his daily occupation was, and however responsible the work, he forgot it all in the eagerness to go to the front. One day I happened to be in a large bank in Berlin when the president received his call. He read it as though he were getting an an invitation to a Bankers' Association banquet instead of its being a call to go to the front. He had all his affairs in shape to go, and after a short talk with some of the directors and a friendly goodbye to his associates, he closed his large rolltop desk, put his hat upon his head and was off.

I chanced to be in a restaurant in Berlin one day when I noticed a group of soldiers already dressed in their dark gray uniforms drinking their afternoon coffee and smoking their cigars leisurely. Between the puffs of smoke, I heard the following conversation: "Shooting down Frenchmen will be rather different work than singing Sigfried and Tannhauser at a thousand dollars a night."

"You musn't be so mercenary," answered another. "A campfire and a bed on the ground will make me appreciate the comforts of a New York hotel another

season, more than the other, while sauerkraut and Wiener wurst are fair exchange for lobster à la Newburg and chicken patties."

While a third piped up, "I know I will have a more enthusiastic audience when I sing the Wacht am Rhine to my regiment than I have when I sing Rigoletto on first nights in New York."

The same enthusiasm was shown by painters, sculptors and writers of all kinds. What was a thought on paper, on canvas or in stone now compared with the privilege of doing service for one's country!

While the first regiments were being called out, more than one million reserves had offered themselves *freiwillig*. They were willing to go and take any place, even the most dangerous, in any regiment, just as long as they could serve their country.

One day I met a hairdresser who had two sons; the one had been called into service and the other had enlisted and was to be called out in two weeks. When I asked the father if he did not object to having both sons leave he said, "It is better to have them go than to have them grumbling every day at home because they cannot help the fatherland."

A few days later I met two young men on a train. They were tired, dirty and impatient. The explanation for all this was that they had offered themselves at

a neighboring ministry of war and were refused because there were too many reserves on hand.

About the same time a young girl told me seven of her relatives had been called into service. One of her brothers-in-law was disqualified, for he had been hurt while doing his one year military service. Still he was determined to go, and applied at six different ministries of war before he was finally accepted to help build up the Landsturm.

More than two-thirds of the great physicians and surgeons of Germany are in the war. Many of these are volunteers. Those who are too old for active service are doing their duty in hospitals or in the Red Cross field. But many who could do this lighter work are fighting in their regiments. As one well-known German physician said to me, "No, indeed, I want to go with my regiment. When my country is at peace I am willing to look after the sick, but now it is time for me to fight. I wish it were today, for two days seems like two months when a man is ready to go."

I saw another physician work all day until nine o'clock in the evening; though he had received his commission at seven, he continued his work as though nothing had happened. Then he gathered a small package of papers which probably contained important letters and money, which he handed over to the physician in

the institute. He then hurried to his room and put on his military clothes—they were those of a third-class military officer. The change in costume seemed to make a different man of him. He was no longer a physician but a war hero. He bade each one goodbye in turn, even to the scrub-women, saying he hoped that they would all meet again next year, and then he hurried to his room to get a few hours of sleep as he had to leave at five next morning. The only care he had on his breast was what would become of his mother—a dear old lady of seventy, whom he loved very much—if anything should happen to him.

One day while walking across the country road, I stepped up to a farmer and said: "When do you go to the war?"

"Next week," came the blunt reply.

"And who will do your work while you are gone?"

"What's a buxom wife and four sturdy children good for if they can't do a man's work when he is off at war?"

The same readiness to go before they were called was as paramount among university students as it was among the farmers and merchants. A corps of young Heidelberg students offered themselves and asked that they be taken in one regiment. This wish was sent to the Emperor and was granted them. Even the

younger students were too much fired by the desire to help to stay at home. One day I came across a young boy seventeen years old, hurrying with full might to get to Kiel, where he had an appointment on a naval boat. He was a handsome, sturdy lad of fine feeling, but he felt it was necessary to fight, and if need be to die for his country. He explained that he was the only son of a widowed mother, but even his great love for her could not check him.

Even the younger boys ranging from the age of fourteen to sixteen felt that they were shirking their duty because they could not go. I heard one young boy say to his grandmother, "Isn't it too bad I am only fourteen; if I were only two years older I might do something for my country."

"Be patient, and your turn will come," said the old lady, good-naturedly.

This eagerness to go was a great aid in hurrying the mobilization. Hundreds of officers who were off on their summer vacation hurried back without an instant's delay. In all the cities, and even in the small towns and villages, the commons and kurgartens were turned into training-grounds for the reservists, and meeting-places for those enlisted.

Though I saw more than fifty thousand men called out in one Bavarian center, in two weeks' time every

man was there to take the oath and to get his military clothes at the very minute appointed. As they donned their blue military uniform, they had no idea that another special suit was awaiting them when they should get into active service.

There were hundreds of thousands of earth-colored uniforms kept in reserve that no one knew anything about, except the ministry and the highest German officials. There was no disorder, no wasting of time, no asking of foolish questions—every man was a unit in a great whole. From a common soldier to the highest officer, they were ready to do their work intelligently and enthusiastically. The only emotion they showed was an impatient enthusiasm to get across the German frontier and into active service as soon as possible. They knew that this war was to be one of life and death and a fight to the finish, but all fear was forgotten in a hope of being able to do something for their country. They often explained the situation by drawing two circles, one within the other—one very large, and one extremely small— as they said, "When you come again Germany is bound to look like one of these circles."

When the mobilization was ordered, every farmer brought his horses to the town, where they were inspected. The horses found strong enough for battle

were taken, and the others were sent back to the farm. The same thing happened to the automobiles—they were taken without a word of notice—the government kept those that they wanted and returned the others.

Though hurrahs, songs and laughter mingled with the tramp of feet as fifty thousand soldiers formed in line and hurried to the front, this was only a small part of a great picture. All day long in Berlin we saw officers flying along in automobiles hurrying to the ministry of war to get their instructions, and then hastening off to the front. They all seemed ready and self-reliant.

The nights were not wasted in Berlin, where they were used for manœuvres to try out the forty or more Zeppelins which Germany owns. Even the passenger Zeppelins, known to many Americans for the trips they made through the Black forest, have been turned into war dirigibles. Count Zeppelin himself had offered his personal services to take charge of his invention. It was said new factories were being opened to turn out two new air-crafts each month. Though the Krupp works at Essen had been working right along making new siege-guns and special bombs for Germany, it was said that the factory had put on a large force of men who were working night and day to make an added supply of ammunition. On my way from

Bavaria to Prussia I saw a number of automobiles flying across the country carrying their officers to the front. Now and then a Zeppelin flew overhead practicing before it should venture into France or Russia.

Most interesting of all were the military trains, forty-two in number, packed with soldiers and their officers. Though some of them were wedged so tight they had little moving space, they laughed, smoked, and waved good-naturedly as they were being hurried across the frontier.

I saw many regiments hurried, at meal-time, into depots. They were led across into open fields where large, wooden houses with many wooden benches had been erected. The work was being done under contract, and in this way thousands of soldiers were fed in a short time.

The baggage cars were crowded with cavalrymen and their horses. Though their horses and the straw in the car were immaculately clean, these soldiers were less well off than the infantrymen in the third-class coupés, for it seemed to me that the horses were getting more than their share of the room.

Besides these regular coupés, there were many freight cars which carried all kinds of canned goods and other provisions. Others carried a great number of small collapsible boats, which are used as pontoons

in crossing rivers. More interesting than all this were the cannons. Some of these were the common cannons, while now and then loomed a great siege-gun.

I was told that the cannon-balls, bombs and other explosives were carried into the country at night, as they did not want to take any chance of igniting and killing the soldiers.

Besides those designed for active warfare, many were used to carry messages over the battlefields and for the Red Cross service. I saw dozens and dozens of handsome automobiles lined up on these car-trucks carrying messengers and doctors across the frontier.

But German mobilization means every precaution possible for their country as well as foreign aggression. Now and then I passed gangs of workmen making ditches and trenches, repairing railroad tracks and laying new ones. Every station was guarded by one or more sentries, according to its size. They kept their eyes on every passenger who went in and out of the station, and when they were the least bit doubtful they asked for one's passport on short notice. I shall never forget a picture of the morning I breakfasted at six o'clock in Erfurt. I and some friends were just seated at table when a sentry approached us and asked for our passports. He scrutinized each one carefully, and when he was satisfied we were not spies he left us and

approached a group of Russians. They looked as exhausted as they were frightened as they explained they had gotten permission to go home. When they reached the frontier they were told they could not go across, and they found so many of their countrymen on the border that there was not half room enough for them, and they were on their way back.

Everywhere there were vigilant watchers looking for spies. Some were so alert that they tried to make Russians out of harmless American refugees, while others went so far as to accuse them of being spies. I myself was sometimes accused of being a Russian, and had hard work to prove my identity. Those Americans who had the daring to venture out in their automobiles got the worst of it. The soldiers on watch thought nothing of shooting at their cars and taking the innocent occupants prisoners. A gentleman and his wife who went from Baden-Baden in the Black Forest to Bad Kissingen were shot at and arrested five times before they got there. Word was brought to the village that some French spies were coming and that they should wait for them. The mob was there to greet them with pitchforks and axes, and when they saw the French car the peasants were sure that these were the people they were after.

The case became more complicated, as none of the

party, including the chauffeur, could speak German, and only understood their gesticulations—not their threats and volleys. They were only saved from being shot by the appearance of two officers who, after examining their pockets carefully, found some American papers and letters. Still, these officers did not wish to rely on their own judgment, and so they took their prisoners to the burgomeister. He explained that he could not give any opinion until he took their films from their kodak and had them developed. Their innocence rested on the kind of pictures they had taken. As the woman told her story, she said, "It was only a miracle that her husband hadn't taken pictures of soldiers, as that was his favorite kind of photography."

Next day the burgomeister returned the kodak and the developed films, explaining he was sorry he had detained them, and he did not see any reason why they should not go on. So he sent the soldier who had been guarding them day and night to act as their protector.

They had only gone a short way when they were arrested in another town, and they had to go through another trial to prove their innocence. They said that their experience in being arrested was becoming commonplace by the time they reached their destination. Some of these guards were so vigilant that they

lost their heads completely and accused innocent women of all ages as spies.

I was traveling on a train one day when I heard a terrible noise in a neighboring coupé. Word had been telegraphed that there was a Russian spy dressed as a German officer. In his coupé there sat an American man and his wife and a German friend, and they were accused of being his accomplices. Some of the mob boarded the train, leveled revolvers in their faces, and were ready to drag them all off, when they were stopped by some higher officials. After half an hour's questioning and searching of pockets, the Americans were let go, and the foreigner was taken off and shot as a spy.

Vigilant as were the officials about catching every spy, they were equally anxious to protect the lives of every innocent man and woman, especially the Americans. At night our trains were never allowed to start off until the rails had been carefully inspected, to see that there were no bombs on the track, and not the smallest bridge was left unguarded.

After the regular army was called out, there was a lull for ten days, and then came the starting of the Landsturm. These included the young boys and those ordinarily considered too old for active service. Some of these were sent right to the front, and others were

put into six weeks' training ready to fill in the gaps when they should be needed.

There is no feeling of rivalry in the Germany army, for every man feels he has a post to fill and that he can do a small part in winning a real victory. As they love to explain, every man is equal on the battlefield, whether he be a prince or only a poor peasant boy, whether he be a general or a common soldier; as they march on to death or victory day after day, and week after week, they are inspired by the words: "Unser Gott, unser Vaterland, und unser Kaiser"—"Our God, our Fatherland, and our Emperor."

It was this inspiration that made the Reichstadt vote ninety million dollars at once. It was that which called the socialist party along with the democrats to arms. It was that which made the Emperor tell his people: "I forgive everything—we are all Germans." It has been this inspiration that changed small petty states into a large imperial government. It was this inspiration that changed a strong German horde into a people that loved culture, art and education. It was their patriotism that made them brandish the sword in one hand because they feared their enemies and still kept their other hand and brain free to work for social uplift. They have created cities of which they may well be proud, adorned with beautiful theatres, opera-

houses, parks, statues and public gardens. Patriotism was the fount at which they drank, and it has created such master minds as Goethe, Schiller, Wagner and Gerard Hauptmann.

I believe that a nation that loves home and fireside and romance as much as do the Germans energized a great standing army for protection and not for war. I believe that their methods may have been wrong, but that their heart was right; for a nation that has faith in God, in their ruler, and in their country, a nation that spends its energy for music and beauty, may be misunderstood, but such a people cannot hate their fellow-men.

THE PRICE OF WAR AND THE PRICE OF PEACE

When word was given that the German Empire had declared war, it was known that she had nine hundred thousand men at a cost of two hundred and fifty million dollars on hand. But the mobilization of her several million troops at the end of the first week increased the cost to many times that amount. This did not frighten her, as her chest at Spandau had been swelled from thirty millions to ninety millions. This was enough to last for three months. When it was found out the other day that the war would last for some months longer, the National Bank of Germany, along with many other German banks, raised enough money on bonds to keep Germany going until after Christmas, without making a war loan, though the cost to France and England is somewhat less individually, still it amounts to nearly the same when the two countries are taken together. A conservative cost of the war per day is fifteen millions, of which Germany is said to spent eight millions.

Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the French economist, esti-

mates that each of the greater belligerents is spending an average equivalent to $200,000,000 monthly.

In presenting these figures to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences today (October 17th), he said that he considered it probable that the war would continue for seven months from August 1st.

Accordingly, the five greater powers engaged were committed to an expenditure of $7,000,000,000. Each of the smaller states, including Japan, will have expenses of from $600,000,000 to $800,000,000 to meet.

"One might say that the war will cost the fighting powers roughly from $9,000,000,000 to $10,000,000,000," M. Leroy-Beaulieu continued. "These figures, which do not take into account the losses of revenue during hostilities, will be met.

"The larger part of the savings of the world will be absorbed by the taking up of national loans, and economic progress will be seriously checked."

These figures are only a small part of the entire cost. It is not unusual to read of thirty to fifty thousand men being slaughtered in one great engagement, and about the same number being taken prisoners.

Germany has in three months already put more than three millions into actual combat, with a reserve of two millions, and she can raise ten millions if necessary. On the other hand, the allies say if Paris is lost it

must be retaken; if one million of allied reinforcements are not enough to accomplish it, there will be two millions and three millions.

These numbers represent the flower of European civilization, for only the sane and healthy are valued in war. These men include hundreds of the ablest scientists from the Pasteur Institute in Paris, from the private and government laboratories in Berlin, Frankfurt and Freiburg.

Along with these are the great professors of all the sciences and the liberal arts, many of whom are world-renowned in the great universities of Europe. Included in this magnificent rank and file are the painters, sculptors, musicians, along with the celebrated architects. These men rise to the tens and hundred thousands, and every time one of these men goes down we are reminded of the fact that he may never be replaced, and it will take many centuries to give back a little of the culture and genius they represent.

But the backbone of a nation is its agricultural force. The German farmers and foresters are a pride to their nation. Nearly every one of these has been called or volunteered in the ranks and files, and already many thousands have been food for the cannon and guns. Their wives and children are trying hard to do their

part to replace the work, but all they can give is a feeble effort.

The same is true of France, which has the richest fields in the world. Most of the soil yields two harvests. These farmers take wonderful pride in their farms and truck-gardens, and when the great painters, Millet and Corot, dedicated their genius, they found worthy subjects for their brush. I have traveled through miles of this farmland in France, and its beauty was a splendid poem of what God had helped man to do. Much of the rich vineyard and champagne country has been destroyed by war and neglect, and it will take years of hard toil before it can be repaired.

When this war was less than two months old, whole towns, such as Louvain, Bruges and Rheims had been laid in waste. This destruction has meant the loss of thousands of homes, public buildings, churches and cathedrals, and priceless works of art.

It has also meant the destruction of many miles of railroad, river and ocean transportation, and the closing of thousands of factories.

It has called forth a sudden demand for certain quantities of ammunition, horses, wagons, hospital supplies, fuel, food and clothing, with a great increase in prices on these products.

Credit, which has been the natural and easiest way to carry on business between individuals and nations, has been put at naught. As a result, paper and silver have depreciated in value, and people begin to want gold, for in war gold is the only medium of exchange one can be sure of. Unfortunately, at the present time, there is not enough gold to do the world's business, and owners of securities, day after day, have been trying to sell their stocks and bonds for gold.

In many countries the governments have had to declare moratorium, which means that none need pay their rent and debts until further notice.

The world's trade has been paralyzed; as a result, most of the stock exchanges of the world have had to shut down. The New York Stock Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade are included in this number, because if they kept open the foreign countries would exchange their shares and bonds for gold, and much of our gold would be carried to the other side.

Because of our added diplomatic responsibilities abroad, we have had to raise one million dollars, and also two and a half millions for the Americans stranded on the other side. Many of our factories have closed because they dealt in a heavy export trade and for which at present there is no demand. Most noticeable in these trades are the manufactures of cotton, of

metal, agricultural and other machinery, copper and lubricating oils. Many others of our industries are without the goods which they import from abroad, including silks, wines, hides and skins, dyes, nitrate of soda, china, etc.

This war has been such a jar to industrial conditions that many manufacturers are reducing their daily output considerably, while others who have a capital are afraid to invest, and are hoarding it in the banks.

Though it is impossible to say how long this war will last, one thing is sure, the loss to trades the world over is great and will increase as time goes on. Worse still than the loss of trade and productive labor is the fact that actual capital is being destroyed, being really burned up.

When the war is over there will be an enormous war debt to pay, and the loans on money will be high. This destruction of wealth and property means that many of the countries of the world will be poor for fifty years at least, and the value of railroad and other stocks in America and Europe will depreciate.

When the men of the world return to work, there will be a great fall in prices because of the greater amount of productive work, and it may result in a fall, at least a temporary fall in wages, though wages will

increase after things are once more established. This war may be a boon to the financial and industrial life of our country and give us many new marts of trade in commerce, but while the war lasts it will mean financial strain and hard times in many industries. It certainly will cripple European life, civilization and culture for fifty years.

The game of war is a dangerous and expensive one; it means the building of great war-boats, torpedoes and other submarines, as well as air-destroyers, along with the manufacture of bombs, mines, powder, etc. This war shows that the game is being played on such colossal scale that it may take many millions every year to add to the army, navy and air-craft. It is not to be forgotten that a great man-of-war costs from three to five million dollars, and a good torpedo boat many hundred thousands. The shooting of a cannon ball of a siege-gun means an expenditure of three thousand dollars for each fire, and it takes four shots to pierce a heavy fortification. The siege-gun can only be used about thirty times, and then it is useless. If this game of war is to be continued, it will mean the burning up of capital, depriving men and women of every luxury and many necessities for much of the energy of the world, and no less of the money must be used to that end. Do you not hear a song more

beautiful than the cries and groans of war? Do you not hear the call of life and creation, the making of more homes and the caring for those homes? Many hundred years ago men knew the game of war and practiced it, because they were savages, and in this way earned their livelihood. It was only after they rose from savages and barbarians to civilized men that they laid their bows and arrows aside to cultivate the arts of peace. On all sides are seen results of this work—in busy factories, in the laying of cables, in the building of railroads, in their engineering feats, and in the stretching of wires overhead. Their towns grew until they became cities and capitals, made splendid by fine pavements and sidewalks, adorned with many handsome public buildings, gates, fountains, statues, etc. A testimony of all this beauty and energy is seen in such capitals as Berlin, Paris, London and Washington. These cities have given pleasure to millions of people, and this beauty has had large commercial value to these countries. These capitals are a pride to the people who live there, and a never-forgotten pleasure to those who have spent happy days visiting their libraries, picture galleries, museums and gardens. Two of these cities, Berlin and Paris, are splendid examples of what can be done where there is plenty of civic pride. Berlin is a symbol of law and order in its large,

well-kept streets, splendid gardens and imposing public buildings. Paris is a woman's city—it breathes with joy and artistic grace. This note is symbolized on a sunny afternoon at the Place de la Concorde, and in the Bois in the springtime, when you see thousands of happy children at play.

These two cities, along with our own beautiful capital adorned with its many handsome avenues, public buildings and private mansions, testify for uplift and civic pride. It will be impossible to have many beautiful cities and to improve our civic conditions if we go on playing this awful game of war, which means the destruction of capital and what man has made. But if we disarm and make other nations disarm after gratifying the most immediate needs, there will be plenty of money left for libraries, great and small, libraries for the city, and libraries for the town, for museums and galleries, for public universities, for parks and gardens adorned with statues and fountains, for the building of bridges and the making of good roads. These are the things that are beautiful and worth while. They are the complement to nature's work and God's work, and the sun will glorify them during the day and the stars will bless them at night, for creation and not destruction is the purpose of this universe.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED AS TO THE CAUSES OF THE WAR

The questions uppermost in the minds of many people are: "How will the war end? When will it end? Who is in the right? and Who is in the wrong?"

Since our country has declared neutrality, there is only one thing for every sensible American to do—to have sympathy for every man who has been called to the front, and for every family left worrying and in want at home.

There are a number of questions that enter into this war. Foremost among these is militarism. There is not a country at war today that believes that a government is made for its people, their theory being that a people belongs to its government. Therefore it is the interest of the country, not the interest of the individual, that counts. This idea is part and parcel of the old feudal form of government, where there were a few mighty feudal lords and many vassals or dependents. These dependents lived on the estates of their lords and got their sustenance from them. In turn they had to swear life and death allegiance to their lords, fight for them in times of danger, accom-

pany them on crusades and amuse them in time of peace in jousts and tournaments.

Though feudalism as a form of government is no longer fashionable, it still survives in spirit. Thousands of men are employed in Europe in different ways by their governments or by their monarchs, and they are in honor bound to fight for these kings and princes. In times of danger, these men are employed on railroads belonging to the government, working in palaces or on royal estates, or in the army. There are many old towns in Europe where you see feudal palaces perched on high hills or overhanging crags. These were protected by drawbridges, moats or great encircling walls. All that remain of their past glory are the deserted ruins, mouldered walls and drawbridges, but the spirit of these feudal rulers still remains. They now live in capitals in the winter and on lovely estates in the summer. They have from five to twenty estates apiece. Many of these places are only used a few weeks out of the year. Their permanent residences are adorned with priceless furniture, tapestries and ornaments. These are kept up by a retinue of servants, while even those that are occupied for a short time call for plenty of care and expense for their maintenance.

Hard though it is to believe, there are palaces that

have been twenty years in the process of building and are still not completed. When a new monarch comes to the throne it is not unusual to have his palace refurnished from top to bottom. Entertaining at these courts means a great expenditure of money, for their china-closets are crowded with priceless china, finest glass, silver and gold service for all occasions. Though the menus planned for any of these state affairs are costly, the great extravagance comes in the fine wine-cellars, rare fruits, and the hot-house flowers used for decorations. I have walked over royal estates for a half-day without reaching their limit. The place included summer houses, pagodas, alleys, private promenades, stables and carriage-houses.

More than one royal stable in Europe has more than two hundred royal carriages. Among these are coronation coaches, state coaches, funeral coaches, guest coaches and private coaches. The finest of these are lacquered with silver and gold, while the harnesses and whips are made of real silver and gold. The private carriages include landaus, victorias, and a great number of fine automobiles. Many of these are used only a year or two, and then are sold or exchanged for others.

Even more splendid are the stables, which include fine horses and beautiful ponies gathered from many

parts of Europe and the Orient. The caring of these horses involves much work and cost. I have seen as many as a hundred men at work caring for one of these royal stables. Some of these horses have rare pedigrees and need excllent care. They are not used on all occasions—some are kept for state functions, others for private use, and still others for military practice.

A court is not complete without handsome coronation jewels to be worn at coronations and great state balls. These include priceless crowns studded with diamonds, pearls, sapphires; vieing with these are ropes of pearls, pearl and diamond rings, high orders set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and gold swords with hilts set with brilliants and rubies.

A country might have all these things, and still she would be lacking in dignity unless she had her own royal guard. These stand watch day and night to guard the palace, and to change guards is accompanied with so much ceremony that it often takes an hour's time. If it takes a royal guard of nearly a thousand men to protect a palace, it requires a good-sized standing army and navy to protect any of these royal countries. The newest of these countries can boast that her army is not an integral part of her government. Even France, which is a republic in name, is a military

form of government; it is the army and the army man that has the last word to say.

A part of this royal system of government is colonization. Just as Spain counted her power and wealth in her colonies, so do most of the other European powers do so today. England gets much of her strength and wealth from her colonies—they work for her, give her men in times of danger, and permit her to control the channel with courage and boats. Her imperialism gave her the courage to tell us that she claimed certain rights to the Panama Canal because of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Though India and Canada have brought her much wealth and strength, many say that she has looked upon Java, Holland's rich possession, with an envious eye, while much of her friendship for France is based on her African possessions.

Though France has not an enormous population, she always speaks of her need of more territory which she has found in Morocco, while even the smaller countries, such as Belgium and Holland, have valued their colonies as their greatest prize.

Germany is the last of the great powers to look for colonies. This she has done because she found her own territory too small for her growing population. After looking about carefully, she found out the easiest way to enlarge her territory was to get more control

in Africa. The question was finally settled when France gave her a small part of the Congo. This was done almost at the price of the sword and the bayonet, and France and England then decided that they would cry halt if Germany tried for any other extension of territory in Africa. At the same time France had not forgotten that she had given Alsace-Lorraine to Germany by the treaty of 1871, and she hoped to get it back again some time in the future.

Russia and Austria had not been friends for many years, and Germany increased this feeling for herself when she made an alliance with Austria in 1879. Russia had always looked upon Austria as her chief enemy, and she was greatly irritated by Germany's alliance. Russia thought by joining hands with France she would offset the power of Germany and Austria. The Triple Entente thus faced the Triple Alliance.

England, isolated from the continent of Europe, was not worried by the triple alliance until she saw Germany spring up as a great commercial nation. She looked upon Germany as her chief commercial rival, for she saw the trade-mark "Made in England" gradually being supplanted by that "Made in Germany."

English merchants managed to tolerate German merchants in the markets of Europe, but when England saw that Germany was beginning to build up a

strong sea-power, she was determined to offset her by courting the dual alliance of France and Russia. The terms of her agreement with these two powers have never been published, but it was probably arranged that if Russia or France should ever get in any serious difficulty, England would mediate for them. This was to be a protection to England, and a check to Germany on the one side and the Balkan states on the other. For Servia had not forgotten that Austria had annexed Bosnia and Herzegovnia in 1908. By stepping forward in the list against Austria, Servia became, as it were, a protector to the Balkans, and a thorn in the side of Austria. She did this because Bosnia is inhabited by people of Serb speech. Russia, while acting as a protector of Servia, saw the advantage of using Servia as a cat's-paw. The murder of the Austrian prince and princess by the Servian government, backed by Russian influence, was merely the match that set the powers of Europe fighting together. Whether the conflagration should spread beyond Servia depended on Austria and Russia's attitude. Austria hoped to confine the fight to Servia, while Russia showed her warlike attitude by mobilization. In mobilizing, Russia showed a hostile attitude toward Austria and Germany. After the Russian general mobilization became known in Germany, the imperial ambas-

sador at St. Petersburg was instructed, on the 31st of July, to explain to the Russian government that Germany declared the state of war as counter-measure against the general mobilization of the Russian army and navy, which must be followed by mobilization if Russia did not cease its military measures against Germany and Austria-Hungary within twelve hours, and notified Germany thereof.

As the time then given to Russia had expired without the receipt of reply to the Emperor's inquiry, the Emperor ordered the mobilization of the entire army and navy on August the first at five p. m. The German ambassador at St. Petersburg was instructed that in the event of the Russian government not giving a satisfactory reply within the stated time, he should declare that Germany considered itself in a state of war after a refusal of her demands. However, a confirmation of the execution of this order had been received, Russian troops crossed the frontier, and marched into German territory. A few hours later France mobilized, and the next day opened hostilities.

There were still hopes that England would come to the fore and settle the dispute. She said that she would remain neutral, providing Germany did not touch French coast, Russian coast, and respected the neutrality of Belgium. But Germany did not see how

to make this promise and still meet her two formidable enemies, and thus a world-war began.

Just as it will take time to say who will be the winner and who the loser by this war, so it will take time to say who was responsible for this condition. For nations as well as for individuals, supremacy becomes mere madness when it is gained by guns and battleships. This bellicose system may once have been popular when piracy and feudalism prevailed, but this military peace, which trembles and rumbles all the time, forewarns earthquakes.

It was an American who made the peace palace a reality. It must be America again who will make eternal peace more than a promise. When the time comes for the stopping of this awful carnage and bloodshed, America must insist that every nation in the world shall lay down her arms and that they shall change their men-of-war into merchant marines for the benefit of mankind. This is the fulfillment of the building of the Panama Canal.

WHAT THE WORLD-WAR WILL MEAN TO WOMANKIND

Have you ever stopped to think what this world-war will mean to womankind? While thousands of Germans, Russians, French and English are daily slaughtered, wounded or captured, what does this mean to the thousands of women who are patiently waiting for their return?

Though the fewest of the European women want war, or are in any way responsible for it, they are taught to believe that every man belongs to his country first and to his family afterwards. If you were in Germany during this life-and-death struggle you would certainly find out that the German women are natural or at least trained Spartans. They are confident in the belief that however much a man is needed at home, he is more necessary to his country when she is in danger. This is the belief of rich and poor alike—the Kaiserin and the Crown Princess hold to this ideal. No less than the poorest Bavarian peasant woman, the Kaiserin and the Crown Princess were at Potsdam when the war broke out. They did not suffer their husbands' return to Berlin alone, but came into

the city with them, drove through the city, and were recognized by the people as part protectors of the country. Whenever the Emperor came out on the balcony to address his people, he was accompanied by his wife. She showed so much self-control and determination that many of the people said they had two rulers instead of one.

When the Landstrum were called out it was rumored that the Emperor was going to leave Berlin for the front that very evening. One of the Kaiserin's intimate friends asked her what she would do while the Emperor was gone.

"What shall I do?" was the sensible reply. "But stay at home and look after all my children; this means all the women and children in the land who need me, as well as all the soldiers who are brought back wounded." That these were not idle words is shown by the fact that as soon as war was declared the Empress gave forty thousand dollars out of her own private fortune to the Red Cross. Ever since the war started she has spent all her leisure time visiting the different Red Cross hospitals to see that all the soldiers were getting the proper food and attention. Her work has not stopped here; she went to all the markets to see that all the provisions possible were being brought in to the people, and that food should not be raised

above the ordinary prices. Though the Crown Princess is a happy mother of four lovely boys, as soon as the war broke out she and her children accompanied the Crown Prince to the palace. As she drove through the streets, she was received with the same enthusiastic cries as her husband, for she is greatly beloved by her people, and they knew that she would do her duty at home while her husband was leading his division to war. Her lovely face was brightened by the usual happy smile, showing that she was ready to do her part rather than to thrust her burdens on the world. She turned over one of her palaces at once as a hospital, and took personal charge of the work herself. She is doing as much work as the Red Cross nurses, and, though her husband has been in many dangerous positions since the war broke out, she has never shown any personal anxiety. That the Emperor appreciates this is shown by a telegram he recently sent to his daughter-in-law:

"I rejoice with thee in the first victory of William. God has been on his side and has most brilliantly supported him. To Him be thanks and honor. I sent to William the Iron Cross of the second and first class."

The other daughters-in-law of the Kaiser have shown the same courage and forbearance. Princess

Eitel Friedrich said goodbye to her husband with as much enthusiasm, while the youngest, Joachim, who has just been married, was hurried to the church for a second marriage before the war. Even the young Princess Louise, who is the mother of a young baby, had to say farewell to her beloved husband who went to join his regiment. She went up to visit her mother for a few days in Berlin, and then hurried home to look after her baby and the people.

Their example has been followed by all the princesses of Germany who, besides acting as regents while their husbands are gone, are giving all their time to Red Cross centers. Hardly had the war been declared when thousands of women of all classes offered themselves to different Red Cross centers. When told that they had never had any training in Red Cross work they begged for some menial position, such as supplying the soldiers with food and drink as they came in and out of the stations.

Many have applied to the dietary cooking schools, where they are doing special cooking for the soldiers, and now they are glad that they were taught to cook at home.

Many of the maids in private homes are too impatient to stay and do their routine work, and they have also gone to the Red Cross centers without pay. As

one maid said, in a small Bavarian town, "How can I see others working for their country while I stay on and work for myself? Though I have only two hands to give, I give them willingly for the Red Cross work. I can clean rooms and scrub floors, if I cannot do anything else."

This same determination and courage came to the women when they told their husbands and sweethearts goodbye. In the small towns the women and girls waited for hours to see their husbands and sons go out. Though their hearts may have been heavy, their faces wore happy smiles, as they shouted: "Alas, farewell!" or an enthusiastic: "Auf Wiedersehen." In their own homes they showed the same courage and determination, as one girl said to me, "I was coming home with my sweetheart yesterday, and I couldn't help but cry just a little when I told him goodbye, but my sister-in-law never shed a tear when her husband left. She got his things ready in a hurry, and, when he went down the street, she took her child on her arms and stood in the window waving to him until he was out of sight."

One German woman had six children and her husband go to war, and when one of her friends tried to console her, she answered: "My only regret is that I haven't six more to give to my country."

The officials' wives have shown the same splendid daring. Many of them are young married women with babies. They hurried to Berlin with their husbands to visit with them a day or two before the men should be called into active service. They were seen walking with them unter den Linden, or dining with them in restaurants. They talked of everything but war, and when the time came to say goodbye they hurried to the trains and bade them goodbye, as though they were only going on a short trip. The families in need of support, while husbands and brothers are gone, have found much protection in daughters and sisters. Thousands have taken up men's work in the cities and in the country. They are working long hours to fill the gaps in banks, postoffices and railroads. Most of the drygoods stores turned over the positions in the family to a wife or daughter so that the family may not need. Even girls offered themselves as conductors and motormen on street cars. They proved themselves competent for conductors, but they found the work of motorman too strenuous.

The women on the farms have been working long hours for their children, sometimes weakening under their load to bring in the rich harvest.

Though the Belgian men showed that they had splendid courage in fighting for their principle of neutrality,

the real heroines were their women. In more combats than one, when they saw their men worsted, they seized the guns and swords strewn on the battlefields and even fought in hand combats with their enemies and would not give up even when worsted. When their houses and towns were on fire they refused to retreat. The consort of the king of Belgium, though she has three little children of her own, has given a large part of her private fortune and most of her time trying to provide her people with food and shelter.

Though Holland was the first to mobilize when war was declared, Queen Wilhelmina insisted, through her ministers, that her country was to keep perfect neutrality. This she has reiterated time and again. As she says, "Not that I have so much fear for the horrors of war, but I do not wish to see my women and children suffer the hardships resulting from war."

The French women have the reputation of being timid and light-hearted, but this war shows they have plenty of courage and self-control. When war first broke out in France some of the people, especially in the large cities, were hysterical, for they had not forgotten the experiences suffered in the Franco-Prussian war. But the courage shown by the women to do or die, soon brought a great reaction of self-control. Hundreds of women were seen promenading in the woods

or sitting at the cafés just as though nothing important had taken place. Many of the wealthy French women in Paris and in the suburbs turned their beautiful homes into hospitals for wounded soldiers. Thousands of others have formed Red Cross centers. The more experienced in nursing hurried to get commissions following their husbands to the battlefield, while hundreds of less fortunate have been sewing at home or in schools. They have also been busy providing food and clothing for destitute families.

The English women are more isolated by their position, still they have not been lacking in providing their men with the few comforts that war can offer. They have formed Red Cross centers, gone off to nurse their soldiers and offered their services on battleships.

Though America has not been in the war her women have not been negligent in doing their part to allay the suffering and hardships of combat. No sooner was the rumor of war given than did the National Red Cross of America start a campaign for the purpose of sending Red Cross nurses and supplies to all great centers of Europe. This involved many technical difficulties as well as plenty of work and expense. For, besides painting the ship white, it was understood that the entire crew was to be American men. They had to get plenty of money together so as to make

the work efficient. Before fitting out their supplies they canvassed the different countries of Europe, finding out what were the especial needs of the different armies. They heard that one country was in special need of stretchers, a second absorbent cotton, a third hospital gauze.

Thousands of Americans living abroad have joined the Red Cross centers of the cities in which they were living and are giving much of their time and money to strengthening the work.

Others who were in the war zone and waiting necessary accommodations to get home, interested themselves forming circles among their friends and giving their contributions to the general store, while the wives of our different ambassadors have stood at their post giving of their strength and fortunes to needy and destitute Americans, who daily come to them in distress. When advised that they should return home for safety they answered that their places were at the side of their husbands.

This is an epitome of what woman has done to relieve suffering, but what does war mean to her? It means the useless sacrifice of those that are nearest and dearest. It means the breaking of the nearest of the family ties, of the love and protection that makes these homes happy and complete. This war is daily creating

heartaches and wounds for thousands of women and children that can never be compensated by any possible glory of war. This war will create millions of tear-stained faces, millions of breaking hearts that can never be comforted nor ever be made joyous. Even when these young widows reach an age when their hair will be tinged with white, they can never forget the hardships that are now being made by this ruthless combat. These women may yoke their backs to the burden and bear their suffering in silence, but the grief will be greater for being suppressed. The pictures of daily suffering are too dramatic and too intense to be forgotten in a year or in a lifetime. Millions of these women have gone through the trials and sufferings of child-birth with a joy in their hearts that they could be the proud mothers of good families. These same mothers are now being forced to give these sons for useless slaughter so that the greed of nations can be appeased.

But the hardships will not end with the loss of life, it will mean the sacrifice of every luxury, every comfort and even the bare necessities of life for thousands and thousands of women. The main support of their family gone, they will have to offer themselves as bread winners for their families. Thousands of good businesses and factories have already been

swept to the ground, and thousands more will be destroyed before this war is ended. Millions of unprotected women and girls will cry for work, but after cities and towns are destroyed there will be little left for those in need.

But there will be other hardships for these many unprotected mothers and daughters. Thousands of families have worked and saved for years to buy small homes and farms which they might call their own, and these have been destroyed like beautiful grain by a horrible gale. Thousands of others have saved for years to possess small fortunes, and these have all been destroyed.

O, thinking woman, woman of all lands, do you call death, destruction of life and property, glory of war? Did God create human lives and fertile lands to have them all fall before the greed of man? If He had done this, He would be an unjust God, but since His watchword is "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, goodwill to men," it is your duty, mother of the race to come, to cry halt to this awful carnage, to make your watchword in your prayer brotherly love instead of brotherly hate. For if there is one God, there is one brotherhood, and all humanity can only be linked to that God by brotherly love.

ASK YOUR AMERICAN FRIENDS HOW IT FEELS TO BE WITHOUT MONEY.

If "war is hell," then to be in a strange country without credit and funds is certainly purgatory. If you do not believe this to be true, ask any of your friends who happened to be in the war zone and they will certainly corroborate my story.

Though I was grief-stricken by the news that the great powers of Europe had decided to wage a world-war, I knew that this feeling was intensified when the banks of Germany refused to recognize any foreign letters of credit.

I should not have had a dollar to my name had my mother been well, but as she was quite sick I went to the bank twice that week, for I thought if she were worse later I could not leave her. We had just paid a week's board-bill and I vowed that we should not pay another until the banks gave us more money. I was so angry when I saw another week sneak round and another bill appear, that I left it unopened on my bureau for a week.

Before long I realized that being angry would do no good. I must hustle and get some credit. The first

few days it was hopeless, for there was a perfect run on the two small banks in our town; sometimes there were several hundred people waiting at the doors for them to open. Most of these were Russians and Poles trying to get the money out of the banks and to hurry home before it was too late.

One day I worked my way through the crowd and got to the cashier's desk, where I was refused. The clerk said that he would give me change, but since England had made war it was foolish to take their checks, as it might be months before he could cash them. I saw it was foolish to argue the point, but I was furious, as up to this time he had been so solicitous about our having enough money.

The clerks at the other bank were even more disagreeable. They were all right to the Germans, but they treated Americans as a lot of dead-beats, who were more accustomed to travel on credit.

But I was comforted by the fact that though there were plenty of wealthy men in our sanitarium, they were all in the same box. There were a half-dozen millionaires whose united fortunes represented at least fifty million dollars, but they could not raise five hundred dollars on it. They said little, but the seriousness of their faces showed they thought much. If they ever knew what poverty meant it was so many

years ago that they had forgotten all about its sting. These tight circumstances did not bring out the soft, kind side of their nature, it seemed to make them skeptics instead. They were silent and taciturn, and acted as though a short conversation indicated a "financial touch."

One of our multi-millionaires, who poses as a splendid church-worker, never let his acquaintanceship extend beyond a nod or a "how do you do," as though he thought a warmer friendship meant financial aid.

He was traveling with a friend who had less in fortune, but more heart. His friend promised to look after mother and me, but somehow the philanthropist put a damper on the promise.

I then turned to a wealthy brewer and he said that he would O. K. our bills if we did not get the money. This remained a promise, for he never was tested to put his promise into execution, though he did go into the bank one day and tell the clerk to give us twenty pounds more.

It came about, after worrying and waiting a week, in this way: The word came that our government had arranged so that we were to get some money on our letters of credit. After standing out in the hot sun a half-day the bank clerk gave my mother and me one hundred and fifty dollars on two letters of credit. I ob-

jected, saying that we were entitled to one hunded and fifty dollars apiece. The clerk replied curtly that the money to be paid out was at his discretion. The one hundred and fifty dollars was intended for traveling expenses until we should reach Berlin. He did not seem to take cognizance of the fact that we had a two weeks' board-bill to pay before we should get that far.

When I appeared with my mother a few days later in quest of more money he was furious, as he accused me of calling him a d— thing, though I had only accused him of being a disagreeable person.

It looked for a while as though the bank clerk was determined to have me arrested for calling him a bad name. I afterward learned that even in homes of peace you can be arrested for calling bad names and the offence becomes worse in war times. I was afraid that he might accuse me next of being a spy, so I made my escape and never saw the man again. The brewer and my mother finally quieted him and he gave us twenty pounds, or one hundred dollars, more. Some of the men finally arranged so that they got a few hundred dollars every week, at least enough to pay their board.

But I consoled myself by saying that there were some who had less credit than we had. There was an American man who had lived for years in China,

and he said that he could not get a dollar. A Chicago lawyer took pity and shared his fifty pounds with him, trusting to fate to get some more.

After realizing fully that I could not get any money from the small bank, and in such desperate times it was foolish to depend on promises for aid, I decided to campaign for more money.

Just before the cables had been closed, I had been advised from home to seek advice and financial aid, if necessary, from two men in Frankfurt; the one I had met six months before and the other I did not know. At first I thought I would take a train and go up to Frankfurt to shorten the process of borrowing money. Though it is only a five hours' trip, under ordinary circumstances, from where I was, it had been prolonged to a fourteen hours' journey. I did not want to trust to the mail, as less then ten per cent. of the letters written were being received. I was glad to find out that I could wire for twenty-five cents, as money was too precious to be wasted on long distance messages, and it broke my heart every time I had to send a cable.

One evening I decided to find our Frankfurt friend. I soon discovered I had undertaken a large contract. When I looked in the directory I could not find his business address. I was about to give up in despair when the happy thought came that I might find it in

the telephone book. I found the name, Heilburg, 61 Beethoven strasse. It's fortunate that many of the streets in Germany are named after the composers and artists, for though I had only been there once, I remembered they lived on a musical street.

After waiting a half-hour I got my party, and had as much difficulty in making him remember who I was as I had in holding an intelligible German conversation over the 'phone. I thought the man would drop at the 'phone when I asked him for two hundred and fifty dollars, and he compromised on half the amount. Though his intentions were the best, it took a week's hard telephoning every day until I actually had the money in my hand.

In the meanwhile I had received another cable from home telling me to call up a certain banker in Frankfurt. When I approached him on the same subject on the 'phone, he said he had never heard my name before, and I could not expect him to hand out money to a person he did not know. I acquiesced in his statement and said that his brother in America was a great friend of my brother. To this he answered he believed all I said was true, but did not see how he could loan me money without being authorized. Finally we compromised on seventy-five dollars, and he promised to let me have more if I sent our letter of credit.

I refused to do that, as I knew it would only be lost in the mail.

I decided that I had enough to pay my board-bill for the next two weeks and that was a good deal more than others had, many of whom were living on credit or paying with checks and drafts. There were two or three of our guests who did not have dollar to their name, for all the English and French credit had been cut off. At the end of two weeks I saw my funds being depleted and I decided it was necessary to start on another campaign. In the meantime I had received a letter from a cousin in Dresden and I answered that I could use a little money. That week she sent me two hundred dollars, which paid our board-bill and debts accrued on telephone, telegraph and cable messages. When I left I still owed one week's board-bill. At first it looked as though our host did not intend to let us go without paying, but when he saw I was firm about paying no more he yielded, and said the rest could be paid after we got home. Money was so tight there for four weeks that anything beyond spending a penny for a newspaper was considered foolish extravagance, and I scolded my mother one day for spending twenty-five cents for flowers. Every time I took a carriage to make a long business journey I considered myself wicked, and a carriage ride for

pleasure was out of the question. The only extravagance I knew was giving some money to the Red Cross society and some generous tips to the men who went off to the war. At times I thought I should forget how to shop if I ever reached the point where I had plenty of money of my own.

The condition of Americans in Berlin was not much better. I met friends with less than a dollar in their pockets. A doctor and his wife had come up from Carlsbad to Berlin with a quarter between them. Here they were fortunate enough to meet a friend who loaned them two hundred and fifty dollars for a ticket and traveling expenses.

There was a professor and his wife who were trying to get a second-class ticket on a Holland-American boat, though they only had twenty-five dollars in their pockets. They trusted to luck for their ticket and their money. Good fortune favored them, for an their way from Berlin to Holland they met a Southern man, who helped them get their ticket and paid for it.

Every day dozens of young girls who had been studying abroad, and teachers off for a summer's holiday, presented themselves at the German Embassy, telling their hard-luck stories of how they were down to the last cent, and that they would have to be home by the time school opened.

Mrs. Gerard took care of many of these cases herself and saw to it that they were provided with third-class tickets.

At the hotel where I was stopping I met an American lady with three daughters. She said that they had enough funds to take them home in four weeks by the strictest kind of management. The mother and the two young girls had taken over the task of doing the family washing in the bathtub, while the eldest girl was earning one dollar a day for stenographic work at the Embassy. A little later I met two girls who had been in Hamburg. They managed to pay their board and part of their tickets by helping the council out there.

I soon found out that even with money in my pocket, it was hard to make money count, for when it came to getting change they would only give you paper money of small denominations. Gold was the only thing that spoke, and silver was as much at a premium as paper was worthless. I found many people who were going without their next meal because they could not get their paper money changed. I went on a shopping expedition for an hour one morning, just to get a hundred marks changed. I was told that thousands of Americans were stranded in Switzerland, who were without a dollar and without a ticket. As a friend wrote to me, "It is a pitiable sight to see so many of

our American women and children, including artists, invalids, school teachers, and mothers with families, who have been educating their children in Switzerland, driven almost to destitution. They come back with tears in their eyes from Swiss banks, because the clerks try to find any possible flaw in their drafts and refuse to honor their letters of credit. Even the more generous of these bankers have only a few hundred dollars a week on which to do business.

"Those of us who are living in Swiss families and boarding houses are fortunate, for the Swiss people are intelligent to understand our predicament and to feel sorry for us. But many have been living in fashionable hotels, where the prices mounted immediately when tourists came piling in by the hundreds. These proprietors expect to have their bills paid weekly, which means that many of their guests are without a dollar. I am sure that more than one wealthy woman has parted with more than one handsome piece of jewelry to pay a week's board bill for herself and her children. The question uppermost in every one's mind is, "When will the Tennessee with its chest of two hundred million dollars arrive, voted by Congress for the relief of Americans?'

"I am sure that the greatest hardships are being known by those who have been living in the mountain

resorts in Switzerland, where they have been cut off from all communication. I have seen a number of such people come staggering into our town carrying dress-suitcases, exhausted for want of food and sleep."

On our boat coming home there were a number of destitute cases, men and women without a dollar to their name. After a few days a committee of wealthy men got up a fund to help them out. The day before our boat landed a New York Citizens' Club sent word to our captain that they should look up the destitute cases and they should be provided with money when they reached New York. Among the cases presented some were worthy and some were not. One woman made her plea that she had been separated from her husband a few years before, as a reason for getting money, though she had plenty to take her home.

The American women had been made destitute by losing all their baggage and can count their material wealth in dress-suitcases. The first time I decided to start for Holland the railroads were allowing tourists to take their trunks with them, but two weeks later they said they would not be responsible for any baggage taken. The most daring took a chance, only to leave their luggage in the stations. I saw stations that were piled high with five thousand and more American trunks. Some of the people were fortunate

to get their trunks to the frontier, only to lose them on the boundary line. My mother and I left eight trunks on the other side. These are divided between France and Germany. Still we are glad that they are distributed in this way, for however the war goes, we ought to get some of our belongings. On our boat I heard that there are nearly a hundred thousand American trunks in Paris and the same number in London. Unless these trunks are regained, many a woman will have to content herself with two dresses and one hat this winter.

On our boat many a woman bewailed the loss of her trunks, as she said, "Just to think, this is my first trip to Europe and I haven't got one thing to show for it. It has been the dream of my life to say I owned a Paris dress and hat. A hundred dollars is a good deal to pay for a hat and a dress, but certainly they were worth it, if I only had something to show for it.

"I didn't mind for myself, but it doesn't seem like being away unless you have presents for the family at home. I had bought my sisters each a handsome evening bag, mother a handsome scarf and father a beautiful amber pipe."

These hard straits are in marked contrast with the luxurious way in which Americans have been traveling and living abroad the last ten years. Our steamers

have reached a point where they were perfect ocean palaces, comparable with the finest New York hotels. The hotels in Europe have been transformed from simple boarding houses to marble palaces, equipped with every luxury and comfort. A room and bath in any first-class hotel brought seven dollars a day and a suite of rooms at thirty was not considered extreme. Many of the restaurants were so fine and fashionable that they didn't even print prices on their bills of fare.

In the summer resorts ten years ago, a hotel keeper boasted of having an omnibus to take the people to the station, an elevator and a few bathrooms. To-day these simple hotels have been transformed into perfect palaces. Golf links, tennis courts and tango teas. The Americans are in no small part responsible for these high prices and foolish luxuries. These hard times, experienced in the war zone, may result in bringing them to their common sense, so that they can again enjoy the simple living.

WHAT THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND IS DOING TO PRESERVE PEACE

If you were only in Holland for a few days you would find out that Wilhelmina is the best ruler in Europe and one of the ablest stateswomen. No sooner had Europe gone to war than she had her government give orders for mobilization. Little Holland was the first after the declaration of war to declare neutrality, and they have kept their faith in not giving aid nor showing any partiality to either side. This has been no small task, for England has been pressing her on one side to join the allies and Germany would like to use her in a material way, especially in the bringing in of food supplies. England has time and gain made charges that she was assisting Germany in spite of her neutrality. On the other hand England has several times seized food supplies that belonged to Holland, saying that she was importing them to send them on to Germany.

In spite of these difficulties, such as seizing Dutch boats, because they carried Germans and Austrians going home to fight for their country, the Queen of

Holland, backed by her country, has shown an abundance of common sense.

At a recent opening of Parliament she addressed her people, saying she hoped she could keep perfect neutrality. This they would do unless they were forced into the war, for both she and her people wanted peace more than anything else in the world.

In order to maintain this peace in an honorable way, she, sided by her ministers, has done everything in her power to make a bold stand should one or the other of the nations cross the boundary.

When in Holland a few weeks ago, I had the good fortune to cross one of the Dutch frontiers. The boundary was well guarded with men to see that none of the marching men nor contraband of war should be carried across the border.

The entire standing army and a large part of the reserves, nearly a hundred thousand men in all, are scattered between the cities and the boundaries. It is said that she can call a much larger force to the front in case of actual warfare than she has at present. In nearly all the large cities, such as The Hague, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, I saw a large number of young men going through all kinds of military tactics. They were learning how to drill, how to fire, how to dig ditches and build impromptu forts in haste.

That Holland is determined to make a bold stand and fight for her rights if needed, is shown by the fact that she has mined her coast and dynamited her bridges so that she can cut her dams on short notice.

There was such a rumor the day we were at The Hague. It had been falsely rumored that the German Consul had been recalled that day and that the country would be flooded within twenty-four hours.

The Dutch took little credence of these wild rumors, and continued their business and went through their work of mobilizing in the same quiet, energetic way. In spite of their delicate position, there is not a country in Europe that seemed less interested in the war than this north country. The hotel-keepers were too busy looking after the welfare and comforts of tired Americans to take time to discuss war. The shopkeepers were too busy supplying the tourists who had any money left with old Dutch silver and delftware to worry about the war. While the steamship company were too occupied enlarging their boats with auxiliary cabins, getting extra crews and recalling their captains, who had already been sent to the front, to bother their heads about war scares. It may be a mere coincidence, still it is a strange one, that some of the persecuted forefathers fled from England and remained in Holland until they came to our America. It is just

a little strange that an American gave such a handsome peace palace to the world, and it should find its place in Holland. It is no less strange that the Queen of Holland and her ministers have taken such an active part in all the peace movements. In the last few weeks they have been most energetic in succoring Americans who fled from Germany and Austria, and she has been most active in getting these refugees home.

As I saw the Queen of Holland leave her palace one afternoon in an automobile, the crowds waiting about her palace to greet her showed that she is near and dear to all her subjects. The fact that she was not surrounded by any soldiers or civil service men shows that she has nothing to fear from assassins. Every man in the crowd took off his hat as a mark of respect, while the women greeted her with shouts and the waving of handkerchiefs.

Though she is the third richest ruler in Europe, she refuses to indulge in any foolish extravagance. Her palace at The Hague is pretty, but simple, while she finds the one in Amsterdam too large and too expensive for common use. She spends a large part of her own private fortune for providing Creches, an old people's home. She is never so happy as when she finds among her people an energetic mother with a good-sized

family. The one great unhappiness in Queen Wilhelmina's girlhood was that she wanted children and was deprived of having them. Her mother and friends say that she has grown ten years younger since she had her little daughter. She is the pride of her mother's heart, though the Queen makes every effort to see that she is not pampered by herself or her subjects.

Although Queen Wilhelmina is fonder of her home and more interested in the welfare of her subjects than she is of public life, she is a splendid stateswoman and diplomat.

She never signs any paper, whether it is important or unimportant, without carefully studying its contents. There is little about the history of her people or her kingdom that she does not know, for she believes much of her ability as a ruler depends on her knowledge of the past history of her country. She is very proud of her own ancestors and her people, because she says that they have been brave at sea and at home and have always aimed to play fair. She has not been blind to the fact that her neighbor, England, has been jealous of some of her colonies, especially of Java. But she does not believe in worrying about that fact.

On the other hand, she is also aware that in the past Germany dreamed of some day uniting Holland

to her own territory, if not by conquest by the coming of a German heir. The Queen smiles when she thinks of the Dutch people becoming English or Germans, for she says they are too fond of flowers, windmills, cows and meadows to be anything but good Dutch people. The Queen of Holland realizes that her people are divided in their feeling in this war. The peasants and the fisherfolk feel that they have more to gain by being friends of England, and they are strong pro-English in their feeling. The aristocratic party sympathizes with Germany, either because they have large business interests in Germany or they are related by inter-marriage. Though the Queen of Holland is married to a German prince, her attitude is one of neutrality in thought and action. Whenever any of her politicians or friends try to get her frank opinion she changes the subject by talking of home affairs, such as "How is your lovely wife and your family?" Because she is interested in the things nearest to her country and to her heart, she develops the trades of her people instead of spending their money for building great bulwarks of defense against the enemy that may want to devour her. She places more confidence in the men of her country and their loyalty, aided by her dams and dykes, than in a large costly army and navy.

WHAT ROYAL WOMEN ARE DOING WHILE THEIR HUSBANDS ARE AT WAR

It is a well-known fact, that in case of war, monarchs have a new responsibility thrown upon them, for they become commanders of the army along with their executive duties. Most of these direct their campaigns from their own royal palaces and from the ministry of war. An exception to this is that of Albert First, third king of Belgium, and the Emperor of Germany.

When King Albert saw that his country was being attacked, and his people in danger, he took command of the army and left his wife to guard his three lovely children, Crown Prince Leopold, aged thirteen; Prince Charles, aged eleven, and the little Princess Marie Jose, aged nine. It was with trepidation and great grief that he told his young and beautiful Queen Elizabeth, of Belgium, formerly Princess of Bavaria, goodby. She reminded him that her courage and determination had in no small part contributed to the reconstruction of the commerce, finance and order of their kingdom. If she had done this much she certainly could look after her own family now and do her part to

ease the suffering of her people. She showed that this was more than a promise, for as soon as orders came for the evacuation of Brussels she and her children left the palace and sought a new and simple home in the heavily fortified town of Antwerp. This queen, who had endeared herself to her people by her heroism and thoughtfulness, was determined to do her duty now as she has always done since her husband came to the throne. Wasting no time, she planned for the comforts of her children for the time she would be gone, and then enrolled as a Red Cross nurse. She has entered thousands of homes, left grief-stricken by the horrors of war, and has comforted thousands of heart-broken wives and mothers. Kind words are only a small part of her methods. Where they have been destitute for want of money and food she has made every effort to see that they were relieved of these material wants. Not discouraged by the fact that she can get but a limited amount of money from the public treasury at this time, she uses most of her private fortune to carry on her work. In towns where she has visited and found families left shelterless, by the burning and sacking of homes, she has worked with tremendous energy to get these families into safe quarters and paid the rent herself. She has found work for hundreds of women to do in the fields and has given

Red Cross work to many more, paying them out of her own purse. The Empress of Germany was not crushed by the news that Germany was about to enter into a world war. When her husband appeared on the royal balcony and made his address to his people she was at his side, and though her face looked careworn there was no sign of weakening. While he was busy consulting with high government officials and ministry of war she was equally energetic doing her part to organize the Red Cross work throughout her empire. She at once gave thirty thousand dollars to the national fund, and from time to time has added to the general contribution. It is said that the Emperor wept when he heard there was no alternative but war and explained to his sons that they must all go to the front at once, but his consort showed no sign of weakening, as she told her sons, one by one, good-by, and even when the Sunday night came and she had to bid farewell to her husband. She busies herself all day sewing for the Red Cross and visiting the many hospitals in Berlin, to which thousands of wounded soldiers are brought.

Though the Crown Princess Cecelia has had the reputation of being worldly-minded and fond of all out-door sports, ever since the war broke out she has shown that she has a very serious side to her make-up.

She was in Potsdam with her four boys when the war news came, and when the Crown Prince hurriedly made up his mind to go to Berlin, she and the children accompanied him. When they drove through the streets thousands of her country women greeted her with shouts and tossing of flowers and her happy, sweet manner, so free from fear, did much to inspire them with added courage. She drove to the station with her husband when he went to join his regiment, and instead of shedding tears she laughingly suggested that he write her and the children a love letter every day. Then she busied herself looking after the palace she had given over for a hospital, looking after every detail of its furnishing. Though she has four children of her own, who take much of her time, she never lets a day pass without visiting this hospital in person and makes it a point to see that every need of the wounded soldiers is gratified. She has given much enthusiasm to her two sisters-in-law, along with many thousands of German women, in their Red Cross efforts. Because of her energy there are few circles of women in Berlin, even to the American women living there, who are not doing Red Cross work.

Though Holland was the first country to mobilize its army after war was declared, the Queen of Holland explained to her people that since Holland was a peace-

loving country, it would keep the strictest neutrality. Though the country has been goaded on by the promises of gains on both sides, their little Dutch ruler has refused to allow her people to do the slightest thing that might break her neutrality. Though not a week has passed since the war began, without there being rumors that Holland was about to be thrown into the arena of war and the country to be flooded, Queen Wilhelmina tends to her affairs of state and goes about her social duties just as though Europe were in a state of perfect tranquility. On the opening of Parliament, the other day, she discussed conditions and expenses caused by the war and explained that whatever this mobilization might cost they would continue to enforce this principle of neutrality.

Queen Mary, of England, has always enjoyed the reputation of being a good mother and a capable housekeeper, rather than a social leader, since her husband came to the throne. But ever since war was declared, in England, she has been tremendously active in doing her share to supervise and enlarge the Red Cross work. Though she never discusses the war with her husband or friends she spends every bit of her leisure making the rounds through all the hospitals in London, which are looking after wounded soldiers.

Very wealthy, in her own right, she has contributed quite a fortune to increasing the number of hospitals in London and adding to the Red Cross staff. Her approach is always known by the many bundles she brings with her. More than once she has heard a sick soldier ask for something special to eat, a new pipe or a book, and she makes it a point the next day to see that his wish is gratified. Though she has the reputation of being reticent among her friends, she never goes through a ward without passing a personal remark to every one of the wounded soldiers. Every one of her acquaintances at court is doing Red Cross work, and many of them have entered into actual nursing on the battlefield largely through their queen's initiative.

Though Queen Elena of Italy is a Montenegrin princess, she has discouraged her people from joining the Allies, after they had promised neutrality. At times this is no easy matter, as all of Italy seems eager either to join the German flag or the standard of the Allies. Though it would seem that the Queen might share the prejudices of her people, still she has not forgotten the promises her country has made to Germany and Austria. Because of this fact she allows nobody in her presence, whether friends or employes in her home, to enter into a discussion of the present war.

It is also well known that Roumania only needs a spark to catch the flame, believing it may be possible for her to get something out of this present upheaval, but their sensible Queen Carmen Sylvia is using her talented pen to speak the word of peace, while her daughter-in-law is employing her schools of sewing to contribute their part to the national Red Cross work. The lovely Queen of Greece never loses an opportunity, and up to the present time has been a potent factor in keeping her country out of war. Though America has no queen to inspire us to the needs of suffering humanity in this crisis, through the initiative of many noble women, a Red Cross ship was fitted up at great expense to bring money, nurses and hospital supplies to all the Powers at war. Hundreds of circles are busy at work in many of our cities sewing for the National Red Cross Society, or for some special Red Cross center. Thousands of women, made refugees by the war in Europe, many of whom are still unable to get home, are giving much of their time and as much money as they can afford to the Red Cross work. No less important has been their work of praying that war shall end and peace shall once more be established. For these women are determined that, if their voice counts, life shall never again be destroyed by war.

WHAT WILL THE ROYAL CHILDREN DO IF THEIR PARENTS ARE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS?

It has been rumored time and again that there is a possibility of most of the monarchs being put out of business by this war. The question then presents itself: "What may happen to their children?" Certainly if the Emperor were to be exiled, his sons have been so well educated that they will have no trouble in making a living at home or abroad. All except the youngest one, Prince Joachim, have visited one or the other of the German Universities. They are well versed in the history of all countries as well as the literature and fine arts, so they would have little trouble in offering themselves as exchange professors in some of our large American universities. Certainly their culture and information as to the real causes of the war would be valuable, and it would also do much to bring the two countries into closer and friendlier relations.

If the Crown Prince did not favor this idea he would be counted an asset with his charming wife and their lovely family, both in our diplomatic society in Wash-

ington and among the most ultra society of Newport. For both the Crown Prince and his charming wife are very fond of Americans and have always shown a decided interest for everything American including the tango, ragtime, golf and tennis.

If the Czar of Russia should be put out of business he would find that his young heir would have to become more of an athlete and less pampered to be popular among young American boys, especially if he ever aspired to an American university. Still the Czarina's daughters are so beautiful and charming they would soon be made welcome wherever they went. Their perfect manners and careful education would make them noticed anywhere and they are all beautiful dancers.

The Prince of Wales, much like his grandfather, King Edward, is a born diplomat and might certainly make himself valuable at our diplomatic court in Washington. Diplomacy is his natural bent, though he has felt it his duty to study the tactics of the navy. He has traveled much and has made it a point to study the life of a people wherever he has gone. His younger brothers have had a fine military and naval training and could certainly become officers in our own navy. His sister, the Princess Mary, is as charming as she is unspoiled. Clothes and jewels play a small part in

her life. She is a great reader and fond of traveling. Her bringing up might show many an American mother how to bring up a daughter, heir to wealth and position, without being spoiled.

If the King of Italy were to be put out of business along with the others, his family, as neighbors, would be a pleasure anywhere, for both his little daughters and his two sons are as unspoiled as any children could be expected to be. They ride horseback, climb mountains, and fish and enjoy any kind of outdoor life without being a nuisance to their people or those about them.

The Queen of Belgium has three young children, just like steps. Though they are the loveliest among the royal children, they are the least spoiled. When their mother assumed the duties of housewife in Brussels, she surrounded her children with plain, wholesome conditions. The late King Leopold had robbed the palace of much of its splendor, but this sensible Queen was pleased to see that her children could be brought up in a plain atmosphere. Her two boys are splendid sailors and would have no trouble in entering the naval academy in our own country, while her little daughter knows all about housekeeping and is a beautiful sewer. She would certainly be a prize to any young man looking for a sensible wife.

Though kings sometimes have queer ideas as to what is best for their country, they, advised by their wives, nearly always train their children in a plain, sensible fashion. Though they are surrounded by luxury, they enjoy very little of it themselves. Before they are very old their hours are filled with study of some kind, and they are given little time for play. Their days are crowded with military tactics, studies of their own and foreign countries, and diplomatic relations. An hour or two of rest a day is considered sufficient recreation and their summer vacations are limited to weeks instead of months.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT CLOSE RANGE

WILLIAM II AT CLOSE RANGE

A great deal has been said about the firing lines of the different European countries, but little is known of the war lords at close range. Though I have never hobnobbed with royalty I have lived for long stretches of time in the different capitals and cities of Europe, especially in Berlin. There I have seen the Emperor and most of his family.

I have seen William II driving through the Brandenburger gate hurrying from his city. I have seen him taking five-o'clock tea with his wife, his sons and their wives at Sans Souci, in Potsdam. I have seen him addressing his people out on the balcony of his palace after war had been declared.

In these three instances I saw three different types of man; the statesman, the father of a happy home, and the war lord.

He is more than average tall and well built, still in the prime of life. His strong body and healthy color mark him as a man alive with energy.

He stands for the famous Hohenzollern, challenging eyes, full lips, retroussé mustache and imperious air. Still, as I looked at him more closely, I noticed that

his left arm is withered—almost of no use. In spite of this hindrance he is an excellent, easy horseman, as much at home in the saddle as are his great generals. When at manœuvres he has been known to sit nine hours at a time without any feeling of exhaustion. He proves himself no less energetic when hunting, which has been a favorite pastime for years. He has made a record of shooting for hours at a time without feeling much fatigue, even when bringing-down game two a minute.

He has made hundreds of speeches on all subjects, that showed a gift of natural eloquence as well as a keen and impetuous nature. He believes in the divine mission of the Hohenzollern. As he expresses it: "It is a tradition in our house to consider ourselves as designed by God to govern the people over which it is given us to reign. Every day I think of ways of helping you, but you must help me, not by means of the opposition parties that you have so often rightly combated, but by explaining to your sovereign and having confidence in him."

Bismark disputed the Emperor's right to act directly with his ministerial colleagues, citing a decree attributing to the Prime Minister alone the responsibility for official acts and prescribing that no important measure should be adopted without prior submission to him.

It is to his army that he looked for greatest strength and support. "In my army we are made one for the other, and we shall remain closely bound whether God gives us war or peace. It is the soldier and the army, not majorities and parliamentary decisions, that have forged the unity of the German Empire."

He has a thorough knowledge of engineering and electricity, paints pictures, plays chess, and he does all this with the use of his one hand. He feels that all these things are his avocations, an outlet for his energy. With his great talent for organization, he realized that a country to be prosperous needs factories and plenty of trade schools. He was absorbed in the trade and commercial schools along with the school of forestry, which have had an international and enviable reputation, and which has made Germany one of the great industrial powers of modern times. He gave every incentive to have his men stay at home in encouraging all kinds of factories, lake, and water ways, the building of canals, ocean liners and merchant marine. For it was the increasing of the numbers of ocean liners and merchant marine that made German merchandise popular and well-known in most of the ports of the world.

He has kept abreast of the times regarding the manufactures in England and the United States. He has

always taken an active interest in the machinery and electrical contrivances used in American factories and in the home.

Every year he sent many men to this country to study the methods employed in our shoe factories, tanneries, cotton mills, our electrical appliances and telephone services. As a result many of the German factories have the best of American machinery, American mechanics at the head, and they have worked out their telephone service, typewriters, adding machines and cash registers after our designs. Though the Emperor spent much of his time enlarging the army and navy, he considered these as a safeguard to his country, but it is the commercial interests of Germany he has at heart most.

He loved to read about the Panama Canal and to hear people discuss it, for he recognized it as the great engineering feat of the century. He would rather had it said that Germany had built the Panama Canal than that she had organized the largest and strongest army in Europe. So eager was he to know all these things that he mastered six languages fluently. He began his day's work at seven and continued it until five, with a short interval for his noonday meal and afternoon drive. Though he often had a few intimate

friends to supper, his evenings usually finished with work which lapsed way into midnight.

Though the Emperor is often blamed as having precipitated the war, the point is overlooked that Servia, backed by Russia, was trying her utmost to disintegrate Austria. When Austria made war on Servia without consulting Germany, it was the war party in Germany that held it was up to Germany to help her ally. The Emperor of Germany was lukewarm in this matter. He felt that the war should be confined to Austria and Servia. He was surprised and grief-stricken when he returned to Berlin and learned what had happened. It was only after he learned that England and France were backing Russia that he considered the war justifiable.

As he said, when he made his speech from the balcony, he hoped that German swords should only be drawn to protect the fatherland. But after war was once declared he showed, by the way he talked and discussed war matters with his generals, that he was a worthy pupil of the great Von Moltke, and a first-hand strategist. For he had not forgotten Von Bulow's plea to his countrymen, that under no circumstance would France pardon or forget the seizure of Alsace Lorraine by the victorious Germans of 1870. On this head he writes:

"When we consider our relations with France, we must not forget that she is unappeased. So far as man can tell, the ultimate aim of French policy for many years to come will be to create necessary conditions which to-day are still wanting for a settlement with Germany, with good prospects of success."

Of Anglo-German relations Bismark wrote: "England is certainly disquieted by our rising power at sea and our competition which incommodes her at many points. Without doubt there are still Englishmen who think that if the troublesome German would disappear from the face of the earth England would only gain by it. But, between such sentiments in England and the fundamental feeling in France, there is a marked difference which finds corresponding expression in politics. France would attack us if she were strong enough. England would only do so if she thought she could not defend her vital economic and political interests except by force."

Though Europe was on the brink of war time and again during the twenty-six years of his reign, the Emperor always cast his vote for peace, as one of our great statesmen, William H. Taft, said on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's reign: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating. When the German Emperor went upon the throne and developed his

independence of Bismark and his intention to exercise his own will in the discharge of his high functions, there were many prophecies that this meant disturbance of the peace of Europe. Instead of that the truth of history requires the verdict, that considering the critically important part which has been his among the nations, he has been for the last quarter of a century the greatest single individual force in the practical maintenance of peace in the world."

Likewise Theodore Roosevelt says of him, he was "The one man outside this country from whom I obtained help in bringing about the Peace of Portsmouth, was his Majesty William II. From no other nation did I receive any assistance, but the Emperor personally and through his Embassador in St. Petersburg, was of real aid in helping to induce Russia to face the accomplished fact and come to an agreement with Japan—an agreement the justice of which to both sides was conclusively shown by the fact that neither side was satisfied with it.

"This was a real help to the cause of international peace, a contribution that far outweighed any amount of mere talk about it in the abstract, for in this, as in all other matters an ounce of performance is worth a ton of promise."

Though Emperor William has been accused of hav-

ing precipitated the war, he was off on his yacht taking a vacation when the murder of the Austrian nobles took place, and Germany faced the question of war through her alliance. It is said that the Emperor broke down and sobbed like a child when he met his sons in his study after war had been declared.

As Andrew Carnegie recently explained: "The Kaiser himself is a marvelous man, possessed of wonderful ingenuity. He has done more good for Germany than any other man before him. He has built up a great foreign commerce and a marvelous internal business."

The trouble was started by the German military caste that rules the country. They are responsible for the war. The Kaiser gathered around him a group of men who, unknown to him, acted in concert, and in his absence took the action that could not be altered.

The Kaiser has always been devoted to his home and his children. He has given much time to their education, for he believes firmly, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Though he has the reputation of being severe, he is far more lenient with other people's children than his own.

His sons were trained to serve in the army quite like the sons of the poorest peasants, and when the war broke out they were the first to hurry to their

regiments. Though one of his sons had just been married, he had to leave his bride like all other young lovers.

The Empress has been a splendid check on the Kaiser's strong and determined nature, for though she is submissive and tender, she has great poise and is extremely restful. She has never worried him about her domestic affairs and still she has taken a keen interest in all his doings.

The Crown Prince is different from his father in build, as he is in all other respects. He is tall and slight, good-looking and gracious, and acceptable to his people. Next to taking an active interest in his wife and children, America appeals to him most.

Though he is much more of a soldier than a diplomat or statesman, he is more democratic than his father, and he is tremendously popular with his people on that account. This he has shown to his men ever since he went to the front; the comfort of his soldiers is constantly before him. He makes it a point to see that his men are provided with socks and shoes. When a student at the University of Bonn he had the reputation of being a good mixer. In spite of his fair hair and blue eyes he has always been closer to the war party than has his father. He is a fearless horseman and has a deep knowledge of military tactics. The Crown

Prince received his first military training when he was hardly large enough to mount a horse. He and all his brothers have continued this training all through their boyhood. First the Crown Prince went to the Prince's Academy Military School at Ploen, and completed this work at Danzig. Though a severe leader, he has always been the idol of his regiment, for he never asks his people to do the things he is unwilling to undertake himself.

He has always been as popular with women as with his soldiers. He is exceedingly fond of American women and has been admired by many an attractive American girl. Several times he had his heart set on taking one for a wife, but his father showed him the impracticability of such a venture. But he is extremely fond of his home and devoted to his wife and four lovely boys. They are splendid comrades, much more so than the average German woman is with her husband. When the war broke out Princess Cecilie said that she would join her husband at the front just as soon as she could. One of the dispatches sent by way of The Hague from Berlin says that Cecilie, the German Crown Princess, accompanied by her two eldest sons, left Berlin to join her husband at his headquarters in France. She proposed personally to bestow decorations upon officers of her dragoon regiment. Though

the Crown Princess is naturally delicate, having inherited tubercular tendencies from her father, she and her husband, along with the children, devote much of their time at winter sports in Switzerland. She and her children toboggan, ski, skate on the ice, and partake of all winter sports. She is so fond of exercise that she sometimes neglects the question of handsome costumes. On more than one state occasion she has had to devise something in a hurry because her wardrobe had run low. She takes more pains selecting her sporting costumes than her evening toilettes. The first time the Emperor laid eyes on her he was charmed by her beauty and grace; as he told one of his friends, "I might look the kingdom over and I could not find a lovelier wife for my son."

She is no less beloved by her mother-in-law, the Empress. When she should come to the throne the Empress imagined she would be spoiled, as she was used to having her own way. To her surprise she found the Crown Princess a capable home-maker and an ideal mother. She loves to ride and romp with her four children, and she is the liveliest of the number. From the time the war broke out until the present moment she has never shown the least sorrow at being alone with her children. Her one great ambition has been to allay the suffering of her people. She is a

great favorite with her brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law. When the young Princess Victoria Louise fell in love with Prince Ernst, the Duke of Braunschweig, the young girl confided the secret to her sister-in-law, who did more than her share to bring the romance to a happy issue. When one of the Crown Prince's brothers fell in love with one of his mother's ladies in waiting, the Crown Princess took her under her wing and thus allayed the Emperor's displeasure. Though Prince Eilet's wife has the name of being haughty, she has never shown that disposition with the Crown Princess, with whom she is on friendly terms.

The Emperor hates pomp and display, and all his family follow his precepts in enjoying a simple home life. They are seen to best advantage in their lovely gardens at Potsdam, having five-o'clock tea on the lawn, happy and care-free away from the pomp of the court.

He is equally proud and happy with his other children, August Wilhelm, Oscar, Adelbert and Joachim. Like the patriarchs of old he takes himself seriously, too seriously, happy in devoting his whole energy and intelligence to his people.

KING GEORGE V
HEAD OF THE ALLIES

KING GEORGE V, HEAD OF THE ALLIES

It is true that King George V of England and the British Empire is one of the chief figures among the Allies, which include England, France and Russia. It is true that his father, King Edward, was largely responsible for the making of the Entente, or treaties, with the Allies, but he no sooner came to the throne when he renewed them and brought France and Russia into more intimate relation than they had ever been.

It was the last week of April of this year that King George V and Queen Mary made a short official visit to Paris. It was a week of splendid festivities. The temporary residence of the British rulers was furnished with the finest of Gobelins, Beauvais tapestry and furniture. All the main avenues and principal thoroughfares from the Gare Saint Lazare out to the Bois were richly decorated with English and French flags and bunting. From the time the royal pair made their entry until they started for home they were greeted by millions of French and English. The streets were crowded all day long with men and women shouting themselves hoarse with "Vive le Roi, et vive la Reine!"

The royal pair were fêted with receptions, luncheons

and costly banquets. The intervals were filled with special performances at the opera and the theatre. There were kinemacolors and moving pictures showing the important incidents in the history of the royal pair, especially the Durbar of India. A small English daily was published giving all the doings of the royal pair while in Paris and even at home.

There were a number of important diplomatic meetings between King George and M. Poincare, the French President. The papers reported that King George had made it clear to the French people he wished to continue the friendship that has existed for nearly a century between the countries, and to strengthen the alliance which King Edward had created. By the time the royal pair were ready to make their departure King George had won the reputation of being a great statesman and good diplomat. This he showed in his friendly attitude towards Russia. It was probably in good faith made by France that England accepted a friendly attitude towards Russia, for they had been suspicious of the Czar and his government, fearing that they had designs upon India. Another diplomatic stroke was the treaty that had been made by King Edward with Japan to protect British interests in the Pacific.

These royal visits and treaties show that England

had brought herself into closer diplomatic relations with the continent than she had ever done. Until the last fifty years England tried to keep herself as isolated from the European continent as she could. It was only after the Franco-Prussian war, when Bismarck suggested a treaty with Austria, that England commenced to look around for some allies to offset this power. This feeling grew stronger when Germany began to increase and strengthen her navy. For England covets the title of being mistress of the seas, just as Spain did during the time of the Spanish Armada.

King George has shown himself an equally able diplomat and statesman at home. This was especially noticeable when on February 11, 1914, he opened one of the most momentous Parliaments in British history. The Irish crisis was the principal problem during the session, and in his speech his majesty spoke of the question in such momentous words as these: "This question, unless handled now with foresight, judgment and in the spirit of mutual concession, threatens grave future difficulties."

The king was supported in his opinion by Walter Asquith, who has been the firm champion of home rule. He predicted civil war in case the demands of Ireland were not satisfied, and taunted the government with pusillanimity in the face of the recent events in South

Africa. He then moved an amendment to the reply to the speech from the throne "that it would be disastrous for the House to proceed further with the government for Ireland until the measure had been submitted to the judgment of the country." He showed his calm judgment and steady hand when the threatened Ulster uprising took place by proposing home rule for all of Ireland that wished it.

These radical moves were the more surprising, for King George was spoken of as a strong conservative when brought to the throne. This was seen by the patience the Queen and he showed during the coronation in England and India. They were spoken of as mere figures by the Liberalists because they went through the endless festivities from the great procession to the numerous banquets with a smile, with words of patience and good cheer. It was the first time in many centuries that an English King and Queen had made a long trip to India to partake in their coronation festivities at Delhi and Calcutta. They wished to renew the pledge made by the late Queen Victoria when she assumed the title of Empress of India, emphasizing the incorporation of the great peninsula into the British Empire that all her Indian subjects were the children of the Great White Queen. They showed that this was more than a promise when they reached Bombay on

the 4th of December, 1911. At half-past nine they and their royal suite drove out to the fête grounds, adjoining the Bombay Gymkhana building. Here in an open space some 26,000 children had been drawn up in a large semicircle, over against the centre of which was a dais for the King and Queen. As their majesties drove up at a quarter to ten, four selected groups of children belonging to the European, Urdu, Gujarati and Marathe schools sang each two verses of the National Anthem in their own tongue. Though they sang in their own tongue and danced their native dances, they shouted "Long live the King and Queen" as enthusiastically as would have done the same size body of English children.

The coronation at Delhi took place on the 12th of December. The royal pavilion was used as a centre of a semicircle, with a radius of about 240 yards erected round the circumference for spectators. All around the base of the mound ran a processional road, so that their majesties could drive under the eye of the onlookers. From the southern margin of this road was erected a huge stand with seating accommodations for ten thousand spectators. The stand was protected by a steep, sloping roof, ornamented with Oriental cupolas. The royal pavilion rose from a broad base in three tiers and ascended by broad stairways to a central platform

surmounted by a huge gilt dome. The royal dais was protected by a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with crimson and gold fringe. At the royal approach the principal officials and the ruling chiefs took their places at the base of the stand. They were dressed in their rich Oriental silks of orange shot with gold or silver ornamented with armlets of gold, jeweled swords, priceless brooches, orders set with rubies and emeralds and diamond ornaments fastened in their caps. The arena was crowded with British and Indian cavalry, handsomely trapped in gold and red velvet. There was a long procession of English cavalry and marines, enlarged by a great number of native cavalry. It was shortly before noon that their majesties appeared at the entrance. The approach was made known by a salute of 101 guns. They were welcomed by the great throng present, every one rising to his feet, and they drove round the grand stand showing themselves to all present. They were welcomed by great shouts of joy with singing and music, British and Indian airs intermingling. After their majesties were seated on the throne surrounded by their suite and attendants, the King rose and announced the ceremony of his coronation in person to his subjects in India. He ended his promise of good faith by these words: "To all present, feudatories and subjects, I tender my loving greetings."

Then the Viceroy came forward and expressed his homage, bowing low thrice as he approached the throne. He was followed by the ruling chiefs of Hyderabad, Baroda, Mysore, Kashmer, Rajputana, Central India, etc. These were led by the Nizam, who were dressed entirely in black, except for the yellow, mitre-like heeaddress. After them came the chief justices and judges of the High Court, the Viceroy's legislative council, the governors and lieutenant-governors. The ceremony lasted for more than an hour, and was extremely picturesque. The British officials dressed in staid blue uniforms made a suitable background for the rich Oriental costumes and priceless jewels worn by the Indian princes. Their salutations were no less interesting than their costumes, as they one by one approached the dais in turn expressing their promise of homage. Some used the gesture of throwing earth on the head once or oftener; others simply bowed. The Rajput chiefs almost without exception laid their swords first at the feet of the King-Emperor and then at the Queen-Empress with deep obeisance. Most interesting of all were the chiefs of Bhutau and of Sikkim, who after bowing reverently, brought out two while shawls, such as they use to drape the images of their most sacred gods, and spread them before their King and Queen. There were other festivities included

in the Durbar, one of which consisted of a great banquet to 173 of the most distinguished British and native guests. There was the same display of rich Oriental dress and elaborate, shimmering jewels. The next day the King reviewed his native and British troops, awarding the most valiant of his officers the Albert medal. The King held a levee of his officers while the Queen-Empress received 120 ladies of the families of the ruling chiefs.

Another splendid royal entertainment was a large garden party in the fort of Delhi. There were groups of entertainers and jugglers. These interspersd freely with great lords and ladies and splendid cavalry and infantry. Their majesties soon appeared and took their place on the ramparts, where they received the immense throng. The same ceremony was repeated at Calcutta. While there the King divided his time between the polo grounds and the public hospital. At Nepal the King and his party hunted and they were successful in laying low a good bag of tigers.

Shortly after their coronation the King and Queen showed that they are fond of many of the mediæval traditions. They restored the Order of the Bath and laid much stress on the Knight of the Garter. The Knights of the Garter have a beautiful chapel at Windsor, where each has a stall.

Though King George inherits the diplomatic qualities of his father, he has little sporting blood in him. He keeps a racing stable and has many fine horses. He also attends to all the large races, but he does little betting, because the Queen is opposed to gambling. He is fond of all outdoor sports, such as tennis, golf and polo, and he encourages his sons in these pastimes by joining with them at these sports.

Queen Mary is an ideal companion for King George. For she believes that to be a good Queen means first a devoted wife and mother. She is interested in all the King's affairs, whether it is a coronation in England and India or caring for the wounded soldiers in the hospitals in London. She is fond of good living and dressing, but she is opposed to everything that suggests foolish extravagance. After the coronation she was greatly opposed to the refurnishing of Buckingham Palace. Though she is supposed to wear her state gowns once, she has them remodeled time and again. She objects to modern dancing, especially the hobble skirts. She likewise frowns upon the light-hearted American social leaders, who before her day were so popular at court. When King George ascended the throne the Queen asked him not to smoke anything beyond an occasional cigarette, nor to drink, to bet, nor to have ladies at his club.

The royal family has an ideal home life in London and in the country. Much of their time is given over to sports in fine weather and reading aloud in bad weather. At Sandringham they have great droves of pigeons, which the entire family love and care for.

Little was known of the Prince of Wales until he became of age and inherited his title. He went through this difficult ordeal with ease and grace. He was educated by Mr. Hansell, an English tutor. Later he studied at Osborne and Dartmouth. He did his year's service as a petty officer and went through the discipline and hardships of the common marine. When the war broke out he offered himself for active military service, and was greatly disappointed because he was not accepted. His brothers are being educated in the same simple and unspoiled fashion. His oldest brother, Prince Albert, was born in 1895. He entered the Naval College at Osborne, remained there for two years and then spent two years at Dartmouth. The younger brothers are George, Henry and John. Princess Mary has had her teachers at home; she is a well-educated girl, who has given more time and thought to her study of languages and music than to clothes. She was given her first evening gown for the coronation and her first jewelry when she was sixteen. She will not be allowed to make a formal début until she is of

age. The Queen insists that her daughter shall be trained to become an intelligent mother and capable housekeeper before she marries. When she does, it must be a love match. For Queen Mary was engaged to the Duke of Clarence, and after six weeks of courtship he died. Shortly after she was engaged to his brother, Prince George.

Though England and Germany are fighting each other with a death's grip they are closely related. The Emperor is a cousin of King George, and it is said that both King George and Emperor William wanted to bring the two families together. It looked as though the promise would become a reality, for the King and Queen were present at the marriage of the Emperor's daughter—Victoria Luise—to Prince Ernest of Brunswick. The Germans say that the label, "Made in Germany" instead of "Made in England," along with Germany's sympathizing with the Boers, are the causes of their animosity, while the English say that German imperialism and militarism are to be crushed once and for all time.

TWO RUSSIAN CITIES

Though Moscow is an old city, great effort and large sums of money have been spent making the place modern and attractive. Everywhere are the houses surrounded with trees and gardens brilliant in color and laid out with exquisite care.

That the city is old is shown because it is irregular and without plans, but there are new sights at every turn. The city is inclosed by a number of old gates. Passing under an ancient gate one reaches a narrow street suggesting an Eastern town. Then crossing the Red Place, one passes through the Holy Gate to the platform of the Kremlin. This part of the town is as old as it is interesting. It is more picturesque because of the large square and round towers surmounted by spires. The walls on one side are skirted by the river. A splendid effect in color is had by the gold and silver domes shimmering against the brilliant green, blue and red of the sky. A magnificent view is had from Sparrow Hilll; the ascent is made by a steep and tortuous road. From this point the river looks like a silver belt girding the city. On the opposite side the wooded hills run steeply down to the water.

The general view of Moscow is brilliant and grand. The many-colored roofs give richness to the picture. From the middle rises the fortress of the Kremlin, the many churches send up a forest of dome-capped towers. The Kremlin speaks of many centuries, as it was founded 800 years ago. The principal place is the Kittye Gorod in front of the Spasskie Gorod. It is entered by a vaulted road, where is seen a handsome and a world-famous bell, supposed to have been cast in 1800. A great quantity of gold and silver was used in the making; the height from the summit to the base is 16½ feet, while the greatest thickness is 22 inches.

Another interesting feature is the Museum of the Imperial Treasures. The interior is wonderfully light and graceful. In the first hall are resplendent banners and suits of ancient armor; the other halls are filled with many costly treasures. There are gold, silver, agate and crystal vases, silver tables and gold plate of every description.

The city proper is as unusual looking as the fortress. It is a lozenge shape, lying northeast and southwest. In the center of this is an octagonal area inclosed by a second line of ramparts or walls. This part is really the city; beyond is a suburb laid out in gardens densely inhabited. Within the octagon is a third area called the "Chinese City." Its southern wall is washed by

the small river Moskya. This is a southern barrier of the Kremlin and is a fortress of nearly triangular shape. The two outer walls are modern in style. The city is laid out in a succession of concentric zones which start from the Kremlin. The streets are hilly, therefore the tram cars are drawn by four and six horses.

Then there are the droskys—vehicles set on either side with no support to the sides or to the back. But the peasants consider the tiligae their national vehicle. It is a rough sort of basket fixed on four or six poles. Primitive though these carts are, they are well adapted to the hilly and uneven roads. In the street one sees a motley crowd of venders, myriads of women with bright-colored kerchiefs over their heads, street-hawkers, beggars and priests in long, black, flowing robes. The streets are lined with cobble stones and bowlders and low, white houses, mostly one-story high.

Moscow has a number of pretty parks; the Petropki Park is the most noted. A part is ornamented with flower-gardens and statues, and the remainder is woodland. At the entrance are some pretty summer villas built of wood and ornamented with fretwork.

Moscow, like all others in the empire, is rich in churches and shrines. The most sacred of all these

minor chapels is the Iversky Virgin, situated at the gate. The exterior walls are made of imitation malachite; the roof is a sky-blue cupola spangled with gilt stars. The facade is panelled with paintings of saints, framed in embossed brass; in front is a platform raised three steps from the ground. The number of worshipers and visitors to this shrine are so many it was found necessary to make the steps of iron. When the Czar arrives at Moscow, the first thing he does is to worship at the shrine. Another interesting church is that of Vasseli Blagemor, which occupies one end of the place with its bouquet of fantastic cupolas and spires built by order of Ivan the Terrible. This church is considered unusual because there are two chapels in the basement. Above are nine chapels. The interior glitters with hundreds of brass tapers that are always lighted. The image, which is the usual Byzantine type, is a dark brown color. It has a big jewel on the brow, another in each shoulder and a net of real pearls on the brow. Because of the many styles of architecture and the many chapels, this is considered the most original church in the world. The belfry building is a curious mixture of styles. The tower is Arabian and Byzantine, with a suggestion of Indian on the fourth story.

The palace is in the form of a square. The state

apartments are particularly rich and are in good taste. The hall of St. George is 200 feet by 65 wide and 58 high. The handsomest of the state apartments is the banqueting hall. The ceiling is splendidly decorated and the windows richly draped. The hall is large enough to accommodate 200 guests. The service is wonderfully beautiful; most of the food is served in gold vessels.

Not far off is the Tower of Ivan Veliki, which serves as a campanile for three cathedrals and has thirty-four bells. The largest is 65 feet in circumference.

The city is ornamented profusely with statues and triumphal arches; the most splendid is the Arch of Triumph. This is made of marble and is surmounted by a beautifully carved statue of Liberty, while the arch is ornamented with handsome bas reliefs.

Moscow has a number of attractive suburbs. One of these is Ostaukea; it is well laid out and has many handsome buildings. This place is especially well known for the splendid churches made of stone and marble.

Moscow, beside having a great deal that is beautiful, is interesting because the old and new meet in an unusual, almost grotesque, fashion. They are not apart, as in Paris, London and many other European

capitals. They jog hand in hand as unevenly as the streets on which they stand.

The traveler to whom St. Petersburg is unknown, imagines the city as ancient, picturesque and irregular. But it is laid out as regularly as many American cities. It is an ancient city, dressed in a new guise. It is situated along the Neva, with many modern buildings and parks on the one side, churches and old buildings on the other.

The location of the city is not attractive; it is built on several islands in the delta. The ground is so low in many places that the buildings have to be raised on piles. This morass was changed into a splendid city by Peter the Great, who was insistent that he was going to train himself and his people to a fondness for the sea. As a child he had been frightened by the sudden rushing of a cascade, and for years he could not see water without trembling and fear. When he was grown, he said, "I shall build St. Petersburg here without bridges, that our people may be constantly on the waters of the Neva, crossing and recrossing." Since this time the city has grown and expanded greatly, and bridges are a necessity. The St. Nicholas is a large, massive, stone structure built on huge, granite piers. Three other bridges are large floating

structures which span the river in the summer, but are removed as soon as the river is frozen.

On one side of the river are many pleasant summer homes and cottages surrounded by beautiful flowering gardens. On the other side are the barracks and the poorer part of the city.

Most of the public buildings are placed in a public square, so they are seen with little difficulty. At one end is the large senate and synod; before it stands the colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great. To the south of the Admiralty, the most important part of the city is seen, the Bolshar Storma or Greater Side. Towards the west lies the Basilius Island with the large splendid exchange, the important Academy of Sciences and the university.

The city is divided into four large divisions, separated by the Great and Little Neva and by the Great Nefka. The great side includes the court, the nobility and nearly half the population. Here many of the best streets and some of the handsomest residences are seen. The streets are broad and well paved. Here are spacious and well-built houses, while beyond are a succession of magnificent palaces. This need not sound strange, as there are no European cities having so many princes and palaces. Even the dwellings of the poor have a showy magnificence about them.

Everything is built on a gigantic scale. It is not unusual to find a house occupied by two hundred families, but they are not built high, two stories being the average height. Building a home in this city is usually an expensive affair. The driving of the stakes alone often costs hundreds of dollars.

But the palaces of the princes and nobility are usually as beautiful as the other homes are plain and unattractive. Here are found richly hand-carved furniture, splendid jade and malachite vases. There is so much of everything that it is really overpowering. The royal palaces are large and furnished at great cost. The Annitschoff palace is inhabited more by the present imperial family than the Tauride palace. The former stands on the great Pr'pektin, the neighborhood of the Fontanka, and closes the brilliant range of palaces in the street. It was originally built by Elizabeth. Some years ago it was bought as one of the Emperor's abodes. It is handsomely built, though it has no historic significance.

A part of the court are usually here in residence, and it is here that the Emperor holds many of his most important councils. Those who saw the Winter Palace before the fire recall the mass of wealth devoured by the conflagration. In six hours priceless furniture, ornaments and rare pictures were destroyed.

The Hermitage is the San Souci of St. Petersburg. This was built by Catherine and used for her retreat after her work and that of her courtiers was done for the day. This palace is surrounded by beautiful shade forests, refreshed by fountains and pleasant grottoes. On cool days concerts and theatricals were given within the palace, while in the warm weather these were held out of doors; beautiful music and rare voices resounded through the forest then.

The people in Russia do not object to the cold, uninviting houses. Pleasant days bring thousands into the streets below. The Nevsky Prospect is a splendid street that intersects all the rings of the city. It winds its way between the handsome residences, pierces the Chamber of Commerce and touches the poorest parts of the city. Here all types of Russian life are seen, from the proudest nobility, driving in their auto-cars and handsome carriages, to the poorest peasants living in one of those immense, densely crowded apartment buildings. The scene in this portion of the street at about midday may challenge comparison with any street in the world, and the spectacle is enhanced by the magnificence of the decorations. Besides the handsome residences, there are many large shops and cafés offering recreation to the crowds promenading up and down.

St. Petersburg has a number of large summer gardens, which are an adornment to the city and offer a pleasant rest to thousands in warm weather. The Summer Garden is the largest and most attractive of these. Everywhere are the large, well-shaded benches, thronged with matrons, while the children play in the sand and catch their balls. On one side of the Summer Garden is the Tzariziuski Lug, or Field of Mars. Now these resorts are well nigh destitute of men.

There are a number of buildings in St. Petersburg that are worth noticing. Of these the Exchange is certainly the most prominent. It stands on the farthest point of Vassili Ostroff, with a large open space before it, and it is reared on an elevated foundation. The granite quays on either side give solidity, while a long flight of granite steps leads down to the river. The space before the building is decorated with two immense columns, supporting the prows of ships cast in metal and erected to the memory of Mercury. The building is of immense proportions and took twelve years to build. The great hall is lighted from above, while at either end and on both sides are spaces in the forms of arcades. There is an altar at one end, and a light is always kept burning for the pious merchants, who offer up a prayer before they commence the undertakings of the day.

The Hermitage Museum is a veritable treasure prison; there is a large picture gallery, one of the finest and most celebrated in Europe. The collection includes a large number of Dutch cottages, such as Van de Meer and Ostada painted.

The gallery is equally rich in the old Italian and French masters. A most interesting part of the collection are the treasures that were once housed at Malmaison. When the Emperor Alexander was in Paris, he visited the divorced consort of Napoleon, who spoke of the property that remained to her and the insecurity of the possession. To protect it until it could be reclaimed, Emperor Alexander bought the treasure and took it to Russia.

The Foundling Hospital is another of the public institution of which the people are justly proud. Though Russian, it is under German supervision. The place is extremely large; this is necessary, for it is never without 5,000 or 6,000 children. The principal buildings are in St. Petersburg, where the children are kept a few weeks. They are then sent to the peasantry in the country, where they remain until they are six years old. The girls return to St. Petersburg, while there is a branch for the boys at Gatshina. The building at St. Petersburg is much more of a palace than a foundling home. The main building is composed of

what was formerly the palace of Prince Bohinski and Count Rasumoffski.

When the children are grown they are relieved from all obligations toward the institution. The boys are easily provided with positions in the trades' and imperial factories; the girls are given positions as teachers and governesses.

Though St. Petersburg has fewer churches than Moscow, it has churches of all denominations and every style of architecture. Here are seen Grecian, Byzantine, old Russian, new European architecture and what not. The handsomest of these is St. Isaac's Church. The church is large and imposing without. Inside it has many handsome decorations, costly pictures of saints and gold crosses.

The roof is supported by granite monoliths from Finland, buried for centuries in deep swamps. They are crowned with capitals of bronze and support the enormous beam of a frieze formed of six polished blocks. But the cupola is the crowning glory to all this splendor. It is made of copper and overlaid with gold that glitters like the sun on a mountain.

The Russian capital is most attractive on a pleasant summer evening. The scene presented by the Exchange, the university buildings, the Academy of Arts, the Corps de Cadets and the Academy of

Sciences, surrounded as they are with well-kept greensward and splendid flower beds, present an inviting appearance. The river is lined with sailing craft of nearly every description, devoted to pleasure. It has several fine steam yachts which are used by members of the club for making trips up the gulf. On a summer's evening as one sits on the balcony of the English Club or strolls up the quay, listening to the band in the garden of the Summer Palace, the swift-moving passengers in their gayly trimmed barks made a pretty sight against the splendid buildings and gilded spires of the churches.

Not all the beauty of St. Petersburg lies in this one island. The city is in a delta and is surrounded by a whole chain of islands. The wildest and least inhabited is Neva, visited principally by seals and wolves. Then there are the Volny Islands, the Truktanoff Islands, and some others. These are swampy and overgrown with birch and scarcely known by name to many Russians. They contain magazines and are used for powder and other stores. The most interesting of these are the Gardens Islands, which at one time were covered with scrubs, but Alexander and Nicholas saw in them possibilities for raising flowers, and they have gradually been transformed into splendid islands. Yelagin belongs almost exclusively to the court; it is

occupied by a château and beautiful gardens. The court live here in the spring and early summer, when the gardens blaze with brilliant colors. The houses are certainly modest looking. The most interesting feature is that they are built on the bank of the rivers and in different styles of architecture; one Gothic, a second Italian and a third Chinese. The hothouses are wonderfully supplied with cut and exotic plants and the peasants' cottages are filled with splendid window boxes.

CHRISTMAS WITHOUT A SANTA CLAUS

Have you ever stopped to think what Christmas would mean with no Christmas tree nor Santa Claus? Still, this year many thousand children will have a heavy heart instead of a happy Christmas tree. Many thousands have lost their fathers in war and their homes have been destroyed.

Many others have their fathers at war, and the mothers, with their large families of children, are struggling from day to day to keep the wolf from the door. Deprived of many necessities, they cannot enjoy the cheapest luxuries. Under the inspiration of some of our newspaper publishers, a Xmas ship was fitted out with toys of every description, including dolls, baby-buggies, cradles, games, books and finery and sent to the children of every land. This number includes the French, English, Belgians, Germans, etc.

These gifts are not enough to make every child happy, but they will do much to ease the heartaches and disappointments.

There are few countries where Christmas has as much significance as it does in Germany. For Germany is the home of the fir-tree, and the finest of

these are kept for the winter holidays. In the late fall you see a great many of the woodmen out in the woods laying low the fir-trees. A few weeks later they have been shipped in great wagon-loads into every German city and town.

For many months the many toy-makers are busy making doll's houses, kitchens, kitchen utensils, dishes, a large variety of building-blocks and those puzzles and games that have made the toy-makers of Nuremburg and the city of Nuremburg famous. In the homes busy mothers are working day and night making Leppkincuhen, tarts, cakes, cookies, etc. The extra minutes are filled hurrying to the grocers to buy candles, fruits and nuts for the tree.

These are all preliminaries for the dressing of the tree, which is beautifully decorated with many candles, shimmering balls, small ornaments, figured candies, stockings jammed full with fruits and candies. Then the children get out their presents which they have bought and made for their parents, brothers and sisters, and these are dedicated to the tree.

The children are warned if they play unfair and try to see Santa Claus he will punish them by taking their toys away, and perhaps he may never come to see them again.

Though in most Christmas homes the trees are

trimmed several days ahead of time, it is on Christmas eve that the children gather to sing their favorite airs, such as "O Tannenbaum," and to say their prayers. Then the father makes an address to Santa Claus, reminding him of those that have been good and suggesting, when necessary, that there might be an improvement in the behavior of some of the children. The children are then allowed to see the tree arrayed in all its glory. They dance around the tree for some time, and suddenly every one appears to hold his breath.

For Santa Claus appears, dressed in his heavy traveling-coat, with his fur cap pulled down over his head and jingling his bells as he comes along. The servants, where there are not too many, come in to join in the festivities and get their presents from the trees. If there are relatives or friends who have no Christmas trees of their own they are often invited to join in the merry-making. The tree is kept lit for three or four days, and is looked upon as an emblem of good fortune and cheer. They gaze and gaze upon this brilliantly lit tree, brilliant with light, festive with frost, silver, gold and many colored globes, as though it had been waved into the room by some beautiful little fairy. Joy hangs on every branch, a bright glow comes from hundreds of tips.

Though the absence of the Christmas tree is the greatest grief to the children, the loss is heightened by the neglect of Santa Claus. This old man is so grieved by this awful carnage and slaughter that he even forgets his obligations to his children of many lands. Many million children all the way from Norway to Japan will miss the fellow with that great beard, his mischievous smile, and bushy eyebrows, half covered by the cap pulled down over his eyes.

The children of Belgium will miss him as much as will the Germans. Though the Christmas tree is scarce in Belgium, Santa Claus is greatly beloved by them. Weeks before his coming the children are busy writing him letters telling him all about their good deeds, their wishes and their hopes, that they will not be neglected. The parents work hard to keep his coming a secret, but their little ones are so impatient they struggle to keep awake nights seeing what Santa Claus intends to bring them. Once in a great while they see him climbing down the chimneys, putting their toys before the grate and piling them high in their stockings. The parents make a hard fight to see that their children are remembered with some simple gift, for they know that their children are heartbroken if they are neglected altogether. An English author, S. R. Littlewood, tells the following story about a Bel-

gium child's grief because she had been neglected by Santa Claus, the story of the poor widow and her daughter Julie: "It was Christmas Eve, but there was no Christmas party, no cakes and toys and imps, for they were penniless and starving. They had wandered through the snow all day and there was no one who would help. Weary and forlorn, numbed with the cold and fainting with hunger, they came back to their bare little attic with its broken windows, its hard pallet bed. But Julie kept up a brave heart. She had not lost faith. She, like the other children, would hang out her torn stocking. This she did and she prayed that Santa Claus would not forget; and while her mother slept she lay awake, wondering whether after all Santa Claus would come. She waited and waited, and sometimes she grew afraid, and even the sound of her breath startled her in the darkness and the silence. But it seemed that Santa Claus would never come. The old stocking hung limp and empty. As night wore on the air grew keener. The wind blew through the roof above her head, she could see a star shining. As it twinkled there alone in the far off depths of the sky, it seemed to be flashing her a message—a message of hope. Never had she seen so beautiful a star. Whilst she lay gazing it seemed to grow larger and more glorious. Could it be that it

was coming nearer? At last it seemed to be close at hand—to fill the whole sky with light that streamed through the little gap above her and made a splendor even in that wretched garret. And now she sees that it not really a star, but a little company of angels winging their way together to earth. In the midst is a chariot, drawn by white horses with wings and postillioned by a cherubim, and in the chariot—yes, it is Santa Claus. Just over the house the chariot and its escort stopped, the rent in the roof widened and Santa Claus came down. Gently, lovingly as a father, he took Julie in his arms, wrapped her in his great furred coat, set her in the chariot beside him and with the throng of angels soared heavenward again, and the rustle of their wings was like the music of the wind. All the while the poor widow was sleeping, and when she awoke in the morning she found the stocking still empty and the form of her little daughter lying by her side—but it was cold and still. The poor widow kissed the lifeless lips and closed the tired eyes, which even yet gazed upward to where, through the roof, a tiny star could be seen, faintly glimmering through the dawn. For all her tears she found comfort in her heart, for she knew that Santa Claus had come indeed, and had brought for little Julie the greatest gift of all."

There are thousands of such little Julies in Belgium weeping because they are destitute of homes, father and Santa Claus' visit. Though the English children are sympathizing with their little Belgian friends, this great war has put a damper on their holiday spirits. In hundreds of homes the fathers are fighting for the defense of their country; in many more they are out of work. So, in Merry England there is little merriment on this blessed Christmas day. The children are trying to be happy with the few gifts given by their little American and European friends. But they are sad when they recall the tall, heavily-laden trees, so beautifully lighted that some of the longest tapers seemed to reach the stars.

The absence of trees and presents is only a small part of their loss. For only those who have eaten a Christmas dinner in England can understand what Christmas day is without the feast. The great roasts are simmering and crackling on the spits, while the vegetables of potatoes, chestnuts and peas are boiling. These are accessories to the jams, jellies, pumpkin pies, plum pudding, fruits and nuts. Several hours are needed at least to consume such a dinner, and several days are needed to get over the effects of such a feast.

Though the Norse countries, including Norway, Sweden and Holland, are neutral, they, along with the

others, are suffering from the most terrible calamity of the century. The Norse people call their friend Senter Klaas. He comes to them with white horses and flying sleighs that carry him over the house-tops to drop his gifts down the chimney-stacks. Though Senter Klaas has done his level best to visit these children this year, as usual, he is bringing fewer Christmas trees with him —and his bag is lighter. Instead of carrying kites, sleighs, skates, boats and Dutch dolls, his presents include caps, overcoats, shoes, mittens, dresses and aprons for those pretty Norse girls. Many of the Swiss cities and towns are so high up in the cold, snow-covered Alps, that many American children are unfamiliar to them. But this sister-republic, which loves freedom, honor and integrity, should be extremely dear to every patriotic little American. The Swiss are hard-working people, and rich and poor alike in Switzerland rear their children in the same simple, unspoiled fashion. But Christmas is a week for real merry-making in Switzerland. Children and grown-ups alike are busy making visits to relatives and friends. Those from the mountains come down into the lowlands, and those from the villages into the cities. In every small hamlet the stations are crowded with trees and Christmas boxes being shipped in every direction. Mothers and daughters are using every

spare moment dressing dolls, and trimming dolls' houses for younger children. While the fathers and older brothers are equally busy making watches, sleighs and wooden Noah's arks for the younger boys. Switzerland is world-famous for its fir and pine trees, so the Christmas trees are often large enough to bear the gifts of several families. The trees are beautifully trimmed with lights, gold and silver balls and plenty of angels and grotesque figures, fashioned of wax and of sugar. The feast and merry-making continues for three and four days in most Swiss homes. The grown-ups and children are stuffed with goodies, including chickens, jellies, candied fruits, nuts, raisins and cakes. When they can eat no more they start off for a mountain climb or to skate on the ice, only to return a few hours later to continue their feast. They are comforted by the thought that they will only know high thinking and plain living for the rest of the winter. This Christmas will be the harder to bear because it is the evening star in the Swiss horizon. Switzerland is being so heavily taxed this year by keeping her men on the frontier that the people have little money for Christmas-giving. The tall trees will be few, the small trees will be decorated with only a few candles and trimmings, while the gifts will be limited to clothes and school books for the girls and boys. The Christmas

dinner will be a great deal smaller, with fewer goodies than in other years.

Though Russia is so far away from Santa Claus' home and workshops, Russian children get their full quota of toys, such as sleighs, skates and dolls. Costly dolls, with real hair and handsome clothes, for the children of the nobles and aristocratic classes, and pretty peasant dolls for the middle classes and the peasants. Bobsleighs and skates of different qualities for the boys of rich and poor, but this matters little as long as they are bobsleighs and skates.

The children of Southern lands, from Spain, France and Italy, know little about St. Nicholas and his own day of celebration three weeks before, but to them Santa Claus means much as part of the Christmas feast itself. In the streets and in the shops hundreds of children gaze longingly and lovingly at the bebe or bambino in Italian. They beg to be taken to the great cathedrals in Paris, in Madrid, in Florence and in Rome, to see that wonderful Christ-child lying in the manger, protected by the sheepfold, the peasants and the Wise Men. They go home and ask their parents to give them a bambino such as they saw in the manger. Some get handsome babies dressed in rich swaddling clothes; others are given tiny wax dolls, but they are comforted in the thought that it is the baby they saw

in the manger. The finest of these dolls come from France. About five millions are made every year and are sent to Paris, where they are dressed in the latest styles. Shortly before Christmas prizes are offered to the costumers dressing the finest dolls. In the great shops days are set aside when this large number of handsome dolls are shown to the children. Many a heart beats as those happy, sunny eyes gaze on the lovely-made dolls, dressed in faultless fashion. The boys have their exhibits of mechanical toys, including aeroplanes, trains, motor cars and many others of the sort. These dolls are sent to all parts of the world, and many find a lasting beloved home with little American girls.

Santa Claus is known to be a very old man, with plenty of snow-white hair and loving eyes, but he has different qualities and characteristics in every land. When the early colonists came from Europe to America they brought their different ideas with them, and together they molded a new character. He loves old and young alike, and generous folks most of all. He knows no difference in nationalities and creeds—he loves the Protestant, the Catholic and the Jewish child equally. He loves American children, nor no less than the German, French, English, Russian and Italian children. He tells them that they are all children of one

Father, belong to one great family, and have one Home. The joys of one are the joys of all, and the sorrows of one are the sorrows of all. Because of this teaching, many millions of Americans are sad this Christmas, and their prayers are that every heart should be filled with love and peace, instead of hatred.

To make this a living promise, many an American child has asked to share his Christmas gifts with some friend across the sea, and some have offered all their Christmas gifts to sad, lonely children in Europe. Though every great thinker and writer teaches us to love our fellow-men, Dickens, more than all others, gave us the impulse of loving kindness within and without the household bonds. He taught that each little home was a world's great family, of which we are all children together. With the glow not of log-fires, but of warm hearts, he scared away the Christmas ghosts and Christmas goblin that had crowded round in the gloom of the centuries. With an outburst of human tenderness he challenged the cold and darkness, not of winter alone, but of the grave itself. For, as Santa Claus kneels by millions of his children he whispers these are all my children, one of God's many emblems of hope, in innocence and beauty; born in human love, chosen as God's messenger to spread the promise of peace and brotherly love.

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